Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS SEPTEMBER 29, 1951

SCHNABEL IN RETROSPECT

By CESAR SAERCHINGER

(See Recordings, page 43)

George F. Kennan, author of "American Diplomacy, 1900-1950, and the Challenge of Soviet Power." (See page 6)

Who Will Counsel the Counselor?

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

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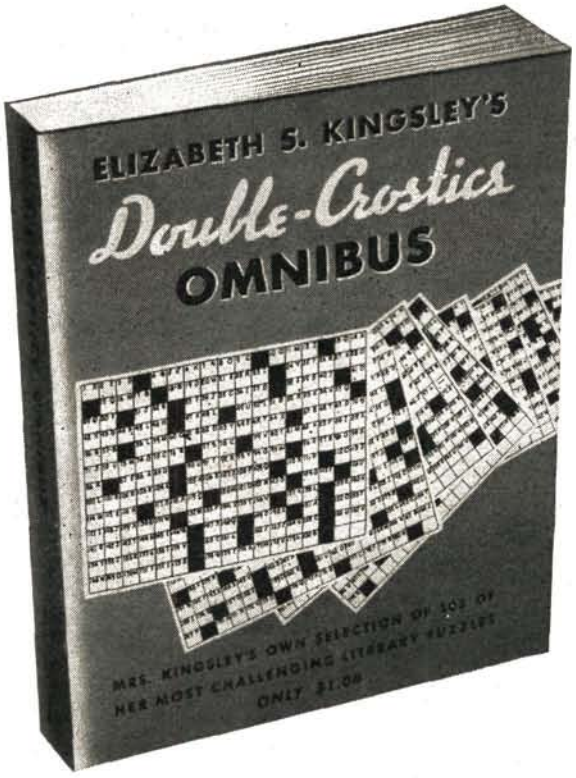

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● On Morningside Heights, Columbia adherents chuckled over the fact that when officials of the Bronx Zoo decided to give to science the remains of Makoko, the famous gorilla who accidentally drowned himself, his body went to the Harvard Medical School, but his brain to Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons.

● ● In Miami, townsfolk are justly proud of their new million-dollar public library, just opened in Bayfront Park. It is completely faced with marble, air-conditioned throughout, and has room for 325,000 volumes, although at the moment it owns only 60,000. Chief librarian's name: Mrs. Frances Parsons. What more do you Florida salesmen need to spur you into action?

● ● In England, Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "My Cousin Rachel," is outselling even her previous wowser, "Rebecca." Doubleday is holding up American publication to permit serialization in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Then it will be the Literary Guild selection for March.

● ● In New York, H. L. Davis, absent from the fiction lists for far too long, will make a triumphant return with "Winds of Morning." Morrow is the publisher, and the Book-of-the-Month Club has tabbed it for a spring selection.

● ● In Philadelphia, Mae West refused to be tempted by a salesman brandishing several best sellers. "Reading is just too much bother for me," she explained. "I've got to take off my false eyelashes to put on my glasses." Always something for a bookseller to fret about!

● ● In Hollywood, Jim Henaghan reports that a hopeful scribe is labeling his history of the past thirty years in the movie industry "From Gustav Von Seyfertitz to Jane Russell."

● ● In Chicago, the wife of a publisher of paper-backed novels of illicit passion (a millionaire, of course) visited a childhood friend in an unfashionable quarter of the city. Later she reported, "Mildred is so quaint. She still has a black telephone!"

● ● In New York, Wilfred Funk signed Hawthorne Daniel to write a biography of Harold R. Medina, one of the most capable—and charming—jurists in the land.

● ● In Decatur, the *Morning Herald* has been presented with a wooden bowl from which George Washington reputedly ate bread soaked in milk. Commemorative placard suggested by editorial writer Dave Felts: "George Washington slupped here."

● ● In Old Greenwich, Ralph Ferraday waved aloft a check for $100 signed by the editor of a successful astrology magazine, and swears that the note in which it was enclosed read, "Here's payment for the perfectly swell article you're going to submit to us next week."

● ● In New England, rumors persisted that control of a famous dictionary house was slated to pass into the hands of a giant Manhattan publisher of technical books and trade magazines.

● ● In Chicago, John Averill, versatile editor of *Seed Corn,* house organ for the Molehill Press, has introduced a "See Your Name in Print" department which, says *Tide,* shows signs of mushrooming into a giant industry. Averill undertakes to print your name and occupation in his jour-

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nal for a single buck, and to some city slickers, accustomed to fawning on a ninth-rate paragrapher for a month just to see their monickers misspelled in his column, the price seems ridiculously cheap. A few sample listings from Issue Number Ten: Kenneth Boehnert, Provocateur; Art Reincke, 70 per cent water; K. R. Sutherland, Builder of Compost Heaps. As we say on a TV program in which I am happily involved, "What's *your* Line?"

● ● In Cleveland, a thoughtful citizen watched the adulation and wild hero worship bestowed upon the visiting General MacArthur and worried, "What can this country be heading for when it loses its top so completely over a military man?" "Don't be too concerned," was the wise counsel of Nunnally Johnson. "A couple of months ago, Senator Kefauver was President."

● ● In New York, Harcourt Brace's ace publicist, Anne Ford, had her hands full doing justice to four outstanding items on the fall list: Alfred Kazin's "A Walker in the City," E. M. Forster's "Two Cheers for Democracy," Thomas Merton's "The Ascent to Truth," and Supercharged Joe Jackson's likely bid for the holiday gift-book sweepstakes, "The Christmas Flower."

● ● In Boston, Lydia Roberts provided readers of *The Globe* with this excellent summary of "How to Get Time to Read a Book":

1. Talk less.
2. Carry a book in your bag.
3. Put a book under your pillow at night; if you can't sleep, read.
4. Wake up 15 minutes earlier every morning and read.
5. Keep a book handy to pick up in the kitchen, dressing, or on the telephone.
6. Have a book ready when meeting unpunctual people.
7. Take along your own book when going to the dentist, doctor, or lawyer. Why read their old magazines?
8. Keep an unread book in your car in case of traffic jams or a wait for repairs.
9. Never go on a journey without a book; you might not like your seatmate.
10. Remember that a book in the hand is worth two in the bookcase.

● ● In New York, Irwin "Troubled Air" Shaw, coming upon the script of a play he had dashed off at the age of 14, discovered that he had described his heroine, Genevieve, in this wise: "Despite the fact that she was nearly 30, her face still bore traces of the beauty she enjoyed in her youth."

● ● In Westchester, H. Eugene Williams, the American News Company's (what with six days a week for practice) chip shot specialist, confounded the experts by nosing out three of the most accomplished blasters of par in golf history.

● ● In the Princeton University Bookstore, a customer turned up in quest of Heyerdahl's "Honky Tonk." And Doubleday received an order from a man who obviously thinks highly of the bright quips of Max Shulman. "Please rush me," he wired, "Harold Lamb's 'Shulman the Magnificent.'"

● ● In Manhattan, Arthur Brickman tempted fate by opening an attractive new bookshop at 82nd and Lexington, inaugurated a once-a-month autographing party with Dick Roberts, who signed—and sold—over fifty copies of his "Star in the West." One customer demanded a copy of a cookbook long out of print. Mr. Brickman told her severely, "Madam, we cannot have archaic and eat it too."

● ● In Texas, Carl Victor Little, able book critic of *The Houston Press*, is so confident readers will enjoy the titles he recommends that he guarantees eight "star specials" every month. Any reader who buys a book on his say-so and considers the steer a bad one gets his money back and no questions asked. It's a fine gimmick—and has cost Carl only twenty dollars in three years—just about the price of a couple of lamb chops at the Shamrock.

● ● Near Flemington, New Jersey, Harry Scherman, chairman of the board of the BOMC, and his well-loved bride, Bernardine, visited the Donald Klopfer manse for a weekend. "What a lovely covered bridge you have down here," exclaimed Bernardine upon arrival. "It's so narrow, though, we just were able to get through it." Mystified, since there is no covered bridge left in that part of the state, Mrs. Klopfer instituted a search, and discovered that the Schermans had detoured ten yards off the road to drive through the Klopfer's open-end corn crib.—BENNETT CERF.

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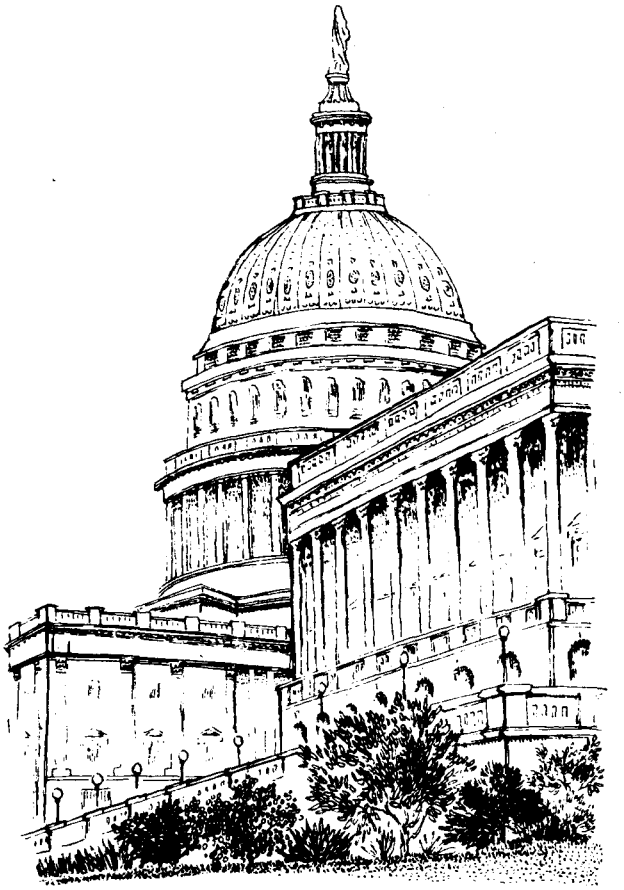
Who Will Counsel the Counselor?



EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Edgar A. Mowrer

BACK in 1918, the United States emerged from World War I as the most powerful nation in the world. Power implies equivalent responsibility. Yet, as late as the summer of 1940, the American people were largely unwilling to accept the responsibility inherent in their power. Even after the fall of France cleared the way for Germany's second bid for world mastery, a large number of Americans continued pulling the bedclothes over their heads and muttering: "It ain't our war." It took all the persuasiveness of FDR, the arrogance of the Nazis, and the stupidity of the Japanese to convince them of their mistake.

Ten years later, the United States is leading a giant coalition in an increasingly worldwide effort to "contain" the spread of Soviet Communism by all methods from government-diffused information and several types of economic assistance to "police action" (local defensive war) in Korea. It is spending on this policy, in all its forms, something close to seventy billion dollars. This policy has not only been undertaken de facto. It has been spelled out theoretically in half a dozen historical documents, beginning with the Truman Doctrine, and going on through the Marshall Plan, the extended ECA, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (extended into the Mediterranean), the Point Four Program, no less than three Pacific alliances (with the Philippines, with Japan, and with Australia and New Zealand together), not to mention its general application through the United Nations.

Conceivably, never before in history has a government changed its attitude so much in so short a time.

Such a change at such a pace inevitably has left many U. S. citizens gasping. Since much of it had to be improvised, it has wobbled. Execution has been inconsistent and spotty. It has therefore been criticized, on the one hand for unnecessary rashness, and on the other for its failure to go farther and faster.

Whatever the justice of these censures, now, in September 1951, one thing is certain—the new American foreign policy is barely keeping up with events. Not even its authors claim that it is shortly going to "succeed," thereby permitting the American people to relax into their previous exclusive preoccupation with domestic and personal affairs—which remains their dearest wish. They even mutter of one or two generations of uninterrupted international tensions.

It cannot succeed quickly for a simple reason. The American policy of "containment" (accepted by most non-Communist countries) aims at nothing more than stopping the adversary's thrusts and undoing the adversary's intrigues. To go farther, the authors of this policy believe, would be to risk provoking a major war with the Communist-ruled third of mankind.

Rather than take this risk, the American Administration (and its major allies) intend simply to hold on and wait for a break in the enemy camp. Beyond this they promise nothing. They can promise nothing more because they are aiming at nothing beyond the status quo ante 1939, with the United States participating in that new edition of the League of Nations called the United Nations. In other words, the policy of the non-Communist bloc under American leadership remains—as the MacArthur inci-

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Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the European scene for American newspapers since World War I. His correspondence from Nazi Germany won him a Pulitzer Prize. "Challenge and Decision," a program for America, is his most recent book.

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dent brought out clearly—essentially defensive and negative.

Why the insistence upon negation? Large numbers of citizens, including many professional students of world affairs, are puzzled. Inquiry of the artisans of the policy fails to elicit any really satisfactory explanation.

NOW, however, an indirect answer has come in the form of a book called "American Diplomacy 1900-1950—and the Challenge of Soviet Power," by George F. Kennan of the State Department, now on leave of absence with the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton.* George Frost Kennan is the individual who had the most to do with the formulation of the "containment" policy in January 1947 and who, as Mr. "X," first formulated it publicly in the July 1947 issue of *Foreign Affairs*.

Moreover, as might be expected, Mr. Kennan is brilliant, charming, intellectual, and highly literate. His rapid promotions show that in the State Department brains and ability sometimes count. In just twenty-three years he tore through the diplomatic career from vice consul to career minister. Most of his work has been done in connection with Russia (he ranks as the Department's greatest expert on Soviet affairs and speaks good Russian), Germany, and the Baltic states. He served for a year as Deputy for Foreign Affairs at the National War College in Washington, for two years as director of the Department's Policy Planning Staff, and finally as Counselor—an office that ranks just below that of an Under Secretary.

Here surely is an "authority" on U. S. foreign policy. In his book Mr. Kennan has combined six recent lectures at Chicago (before the Charles R. Walgren Foundation) on diplomacy in general and American diplomacy in particular, with his two *Foreign Affairs* articles outlining our policy toward the Soviet Union—in short, has given us first a diagnosis and then a prescription. Here, surely, is the place to look for the clue to the "containment" policy, not only to its aims and its advantages, but also to its limitations.

Mr. Kennan's lecture and his *Foreign Affairs* pieces together take the form of an inquiry: Why is it that in the last fifty years the United States has passed from a position of almost total security ("the greatest any people has enjoyed since the days of the Roman Empire") to "a sense of insecurity greater than that of many of the peoples of Western Europe who stand closer . . . to those things that are the main sources of our concern"?

Seeking an answer in our diplomacy over this period, he has become "conscious of the lack of any general agreement, both within and without our Government, on the basic concepts underlying the conduct of the external relations of the United States."

The direct analysis, though kid-gloved (as becomes a State Department official) is incisive and thorough. We find ourselves in our present predicament largely because we have limited our foreign policy to the enunciation of moral and legal principles. In so doing, we have failed to recognize the inevitability, if not the legitimacy, of the national interests of other countries. We have harmed our own truest interest in not foreseeing and forestalling situations which, taken together, have cumulatively, perhaps fatally, led us to our present plight.

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Going Half Way."

Thus, back at the turn of the century, we embarked upon an imperial policy of annexing territories with peoples so different from us that we could not anticipate taking them in as citizens but only as subjects. In so doing, we reached a turning point in the "whole concept of the American political system." (Since then, we have recognized this incompatibility by releasing the Philippines and preparing—I presume—to release Puerto Rico. But who foresaw this at the time we took them from Spain?)

IN China we blundered (by accident, Mr. Kennan thinks) into the enunciation of the Open Door Principle, which had actually been first enunciated by an Englishman, Mr. Hillisley, then employed in the Chinese Customs Service. Conceivably, that policy was good for China. That it was more or less a make-believe for America has been demonstrated, Mr. Kennan thinks, by the fact that right up to Pearl Harbor the American people were unready to undertake anything more than talk to uphold it! Yet in support of anything as nebulous as this (and friendship with a more or less decadent China which it symbolized), we deliberately irritated the powerful Japanese, taking no account of Japan's ambitions, population pressure, etc. Even today, though "we find more willingness to accept involvement in Oriental affairs . . . we find no greater readiness . . . to admit the validity and legitimacy of power realities and aspirations, to accept them without feeling the obligations of moral judgment, to take them as existing and inalterable human forces, neither good nor bad, and to seek their point of maximum equilibrium rather than their reform or their repression." (This passage is so important I shall come back to it.)

A few years later, in Europe, we intervened decisively in World War I instead of using our power to "achieve the earliest possible termination of a war that nobody could really win." Even if "you had to intervene to save the British from final defeat"—an idea of which Mr. Kennan approves—then you should "have refrained from moralistic slogans, refrained from picturing your effort as a crusade, kept open your lines of negotiation with the enemy, declined to break up his empires and overthrow his political system, avoided commitments to the extremist war aims of your allies, retained your freedom of action, exploited your bargaining power flexibly with a view to bringing its full weight to bear at the cru-

*AMERICAN DIPLOMACY 1900-1950—AND THE CHALLENGE OF SOVIET POWER. By George F. Kennan. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 146 pp. $2.75.

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cial moments in order to achieve the termination of hostilities with a minimum prejudice to the future stability of the Continent."

Instead, we allowed World War I to continue until both sides, but chiefly our side, Britain and France, had "bled themselves white." Thereby we all but made World War II inevitable.

Still we did nothing serious to prevent the coming of that war. (Mr. Kennan obviously tries to soften criticism of his predecessors in the State Department.) Rather, we again went ahead with a "passionate" rather than with a "reasonable" policy. Once more we were anything but stiff when stiffness might have prevented or postponed the catastrophe but became destructively stiff ("unconditional surrender") once we started fighting. By reducing Germany and Japan to temporary negatives, we created power vacua into which the USSR and Soviet Communism have moved to our hurt.

Why did we do this? "A democracy is peace-loving. It does not like to go to war. It is slow to rise to provocation. When it has been provoked to the place where it must grasp the sword, it does not easily forgive its adversary for having produced the situation. The fact of provocation then becomes itself the issue. Democracy fights in anger—it fights for the very reason that it was forced to go to war. It fights to punish the power that was rash enough and hostile enough to provoke it—to teach that power a lesson it will not forget, to prevent the thing from happening again. Such a war must be carried through to the bitter end."

Such disaster follows from the nature of a democracy caught up in a great war. For under modern conditions all war is destructive of values and "victory or defeat can signify only relative degrees of misfortune."

Behind our strictly diplomatic failure, as demonstrated in the precariousness of the situation left after our victory, "there lay a deeper failure of understanding, a failure to appreciate the limitations of war in general —any war—as a vehicle for the achievement of the objectives of the democratic state."

Now this seems to me an almost classical statement of the traditional diplomatic position plus a newer realization of the fact that war is no longer a rational (meaning a not too harmful or costly) method of pursuing the national interest, but has become dangerous, perhaps fatal, to victor and vanquished alike.

This classic diplomacy postulates

(*Continued on page* 37)

The Price of USSR "Success"

THE SOVIET ECONOMY. By Harry Schwartz. New York: Prentice-Hall Inc. 592 pp. $6.65.

By David Hecht

IN THE multitude of books dealing with Soviet Russia published during the last years, surprisingly few have offered a serious comprehensive analysis of Russian economic life. There come to mind the writings of a handful of experts such as Hubbard, Yugow, and Dobb. The work of the first two students is now long outdated; Dobb's suffers from such partisan pro-Stalinism as to be almost unusable. The present treatise is therefore very welcome as an up-to-date and significant addition to the sparse literature in this area.

Mr. Schwartz, formerly a specialist in Russian economics at Syracuse University, is now a member of the staff of *The New York Times*. He must have had heroic patience to burrow through innumerable Soviet publications—some quite obscure—to produce this clear, factual account. He has successfully surmounted the obstacle of being unable to work on the spot in the USSR and coped with the more subtle hindrance contained in the data of irregular and untrustworthy Soviet statistics.

Every vital aspect of the Soviet economic system is canvassed carefully: economic planning, industrial organization, agricultural developments, transportation and communications systems, finance and trade, foreign economic relations, labor and the consumer. In the latter category, the all-important question of prison labor in Soviet Russia is considered. Mr. Schwartz demonstrates convincingly how the forced industrialization of the Five Year Plans—largely successful in terms of building factories and increasing national productivity—was achieved only at incredible cost to the consumer, at enormous sacrifices by worker and peasant. If unemployment has indeed generally been wiped out in the USSR, severe regimentation by the Russian worker, as an individual and as a trade unionist, has not. Mr. Schwartz observes cogently that forced labor is "an important facet of the USSR's economy" and, perhaps of even greater significance, the distinction between free and unfree workers in Russia is one of "degree" rather than of "kind" as a result of the compulsion so powerfully exercised by the dictatorship. It is a grim picture of an Industrial Revolution directed from above at unheard-of tempos and accompanied by a brazen disregard for the plight of the Russian worker caught in this vise.

—*The New York Times Studio.*

Harry Schwartz—"solidly informative."

What of the future? Assuming the absence of large-scale war in the near future, Mr. Schwartz is extremely dubious that even by 1970 such an abundance of consumers' goods and services can be attained in Soviet Russia as to allow for their "distribution according to needs." What is far more likely is the development of a Malthusian pressure of growing population upon available food supply that may well lead to increased impetus for imperialistic thrusts elsewhere.

There is an accurate, if somewhat aridly written, summary of pre-Revolutionary Russian history. It should be pointed out, however, that the material dealing with the ideological background of Soviet Communism is inadequate insofar as it deals only with Marxism and ignores almost entirely any consideration of the influence of "Russian Socialism," that is to say, the ideas, of such figures as Herzen and Bakunin. Quite apart from anything else, Mr. Schwartz here seems to be giving in too much to the "official" theory of ideational evolution: the threadbare procession of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin.

In any case, the true value of this book lies in its solidly informative presentation of the Soviet economic machine and its pernicious effects upon the individual human Russian. A lucid introductory essay is contributed by William Henry Chamberlin.

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Finding New Attitudes

THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE. By Donald C. McKay. Cambridge, Mass. Harvard University Press. 334 *pp.* $4.

By Paul H. Beik

THE United States and France, as Mr. McKay sees them, are like men whose fortunes and social positions fate has altered: both have had to find new attitudes and abandon old habits. France, at this moment more vulnerable than in 1939, has had to overcome her first postwar impulses, which drove her not toward a Schuman Plan or an Atlantic Pact but toward detaching the Rhineland and allying herself with Russia. The United States, in the same few years, has had to learn that winning the war and doing penance for the League were not enough. If, like the author of this book, one reviews Franco-American relations since the days of Lafayette, France is seen to have changed from the greatest power in Europe (more populous in 1789 than Russia) into a kind of beachhead on the Eurasian continent, and the United States, once a distant protege, into her strongest ally in the community gathered around the Atlantic.

It should be said at once, however, that this book is more than a narrative of Franco-American relations. It is a book full of history, by an historian, but more than anything else it is an analysis of contemporary France, her people in their various social layers, her economic problems, her government, her empire, her place in the new, uneasy world. Like the other volumes in the American Foreign Policy Library edited by Sumner Welles in association with Mr. McKay—for example Crane Brinton's "The United States and Britain," or John King Fairbank's "The United States and China"—this book is an effort to bring to Americans the facts which they should know about a particular foreign nation. If you have been meaning to find out how the Fourth Republic differs from the Third or what the Marshall Plan has been doing, if you have lost track of De Gaulle, or would like to review the whole question of the 1940 defeat, or the pros and cons of our relations with Vichy, you will find the information here. You may be surprised to learn that the French have been spending some $600 million a year in defense of Indochina, a place where they have $300 million invested. The background of that enterprise is here, along with handy briefings on the French labor movement, anticlericalism, our old friend ministerial instability, the inflation, and practically everything else you might wish to know, from the activities of Citizen Genêt to the prospects of *dirigisme* and the Third Force.

All this information is topically arranged, with historical flashbacks intended to furnish perspective without crowding aside the more recent material. Students of France, and Mr. McKay's in particular, will be interested in what the author sees fit to include in such dexterous condensations as, for example, the four-page characterization of all the regimes from 1789 to World War II. This sort of thing, as every undergraduate knows, is a severe test indeed. One could quarrel with a few statements made under such pressure. Mr. McKay encourages a popular misconception when he writes of eighteenth-century philosophers "who had talked so much of the advantages of a revolution." One wishes that the author of "The National Workshops" had chosen to underline more heavily those past conflicts which explain so much about the tragic domestic schism which still exists (4,916,561 votes received by the Communist Party in the general elections of June 17, 1951, after the printing of Mr. McKay's book; a drop of 9 per cent since November 10, 1946, but still very serious). It seemed to this reviewer that there was room for more discussion of the "Bonapartist" appeal which in French history has been a rival to liberalism and which, even after due qualification, has something in common with twentieth-century Fascism and Communism. The author's first description of the present constitution is disappointing, but is remedied by later material, the product of his topical presentation.

Donald C. McKay—"important issues."

These few shortcomings—for the most part matters of emphasis, and debatable—are of no great importance when one remembers the formidable amount of information made accessible in this book, and its straightforward listing of pros and cons. For Mr. McKay's study provides what the French call an *état des questions,* a survey of current thinking about important issues. The only comparable volume is the cooperative "Modern France," edited by Edward Mead Earle, to which students should be directed after they have finished Mr. McKay's book, but which is not nearly as appropriate a starting point for the non-specialist.

Mr. McKay's study is a handbook in the best sense of the term, for it will bear repeated consultation on the part of all who know France or wish to know her.

Paul H. Beik, a member of the history department of Swarthmore College, is the author of "Judgment of the Old Regime," a study of the attitudes of the French toward their pre-Revolutionary past.

Coast Lullaby

By Peggy Coffin

MATTHEW, Mark and Luke and John
And peace abide with you.
Lighthouses keep an ancient watch
Until your night is through.

Now lay aside day's childish things—
The kaleidoscope's bright showers—
The stars will pattern out the night
With thinner, brittler flowers.

Waves come on quiet with the dark—
With mysteries to keep.
Orion treads his silent arc—
Across the span of sleep.

And Matthew, Mark and Luke and John—
Until your night is through,
And a lonely bell-buoy on the reef
Will stand the watch for you.

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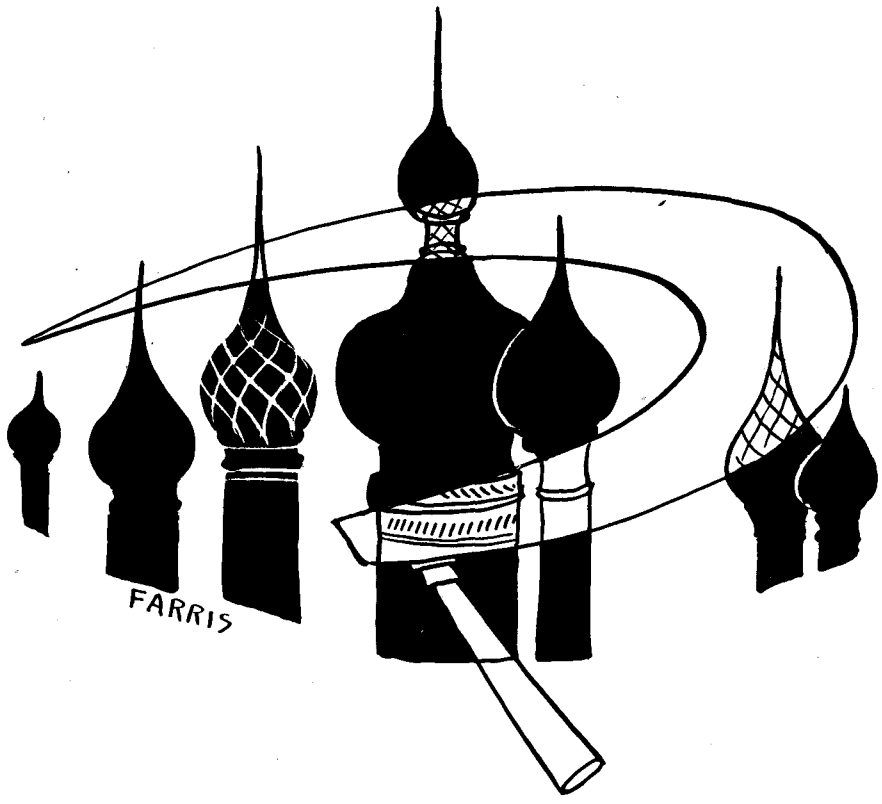

Handbook for Counteroffensive

THE COMMUNIST WAR ON RELIGION. By Gary MacEoin. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 264 pp $3.50.

By JAMES RORTY

NOWHERE has Moscow waged its war on the West more astutely than on the fronts of "peace" and religion. There MVD agents masquerade as priests, and fellow-traveling deans and hierarchs are induced to denounce the "war-mongerers" of Wall Street. Meanwhile, in Russia and in the satellite countries, captive churches ruled by atheist overseers are employed to confuse and paralyze the resistance of believers to totalitarian conquest and oppression.

Belatedly, Western religionists are beginning to close their ranks and organize a united counteroffensive against this attack, as evidenced by the recent peace manifesto of the World Council of Churches. For this effort Mr. MacEoin and his associates and sponsors have provided badly needed ammunition. "The Communist War on Religion" is carefully documented, acute in its historical and political analyses, and gratifyingly free from sectarian bias. It is approximately complete in its country-by-country coverage of Moscow's religious imperialism and should become part of the necessary equipment of church leaders of all faiths, since all religions are threatened by Communist subversion, fraud, and violence.

Communist hostility to religion derives logically from the materialism of Marx and Lenin and from the rigorous totalitarianism of the Soviet blueprint as it has been developed by Stalinist Russia and imposed on the satellite states. The Soviet constitutions of 1925 and 1936 are cited by Soviet apologists as evidence that the Soviet Union permits freedom of religious worship. Actually no such freedom has been permitted. All religious and ecclesiastical societies are subject to the same rules as those governing private societies and associations. These rules have been used to foster anti-religious propaganda and to crush all manifestations of organized religion. Thousands of Orthodox priests were shot and deported to prison camps during the two decades from 1918 to 1937. By that year, according to one of the innumerable five-year plans, the extermination of religion in the Soviet Union was to have been completed. Amazingly, the census of 1937 revealed that half the people still believed in God!

Stalin's New Religious Policy, adopted during the war, was the Politbureau's response to the shock of this discovery. It is aimed at transforming the churches, both in Russia and in the satellite countries, into power transmission belts operated either by dependable ecclesiastical fellow-travelers, or by MVD agents who have been given special theological training.

In 1949 the expansion of Stalin's operations on the religious front of Eastern Europe made it necessary for the MVD to organize the supply of pliant priests and false priests on a mass production basis. During the space of twelve months, writes Mr. MacEoin, the Orthodox metropolitan ordained 40,000 agents of the secret police to disrupt religion within Russia and in the satellite states.

Essentially the same pattern appears in all Stalin's pseudo-religious puppet shows, from Prague to Peiping. In the satellite countries as in Russia, the Communist Party, acting through the MVD, is the sole power. It regulates the puppet churches as vigilantly as it does the press, the trade unions, the youth organizations, and every other organ of the totalitarian body politic.

The gospel is that of Marx and Lenin, the graven image of Stalin usurps the place of the deity, and Larenti Beria, head of the omnipresent MVD, plays the role of Stalin's prophet. There is a flaw, however, in the seeming success of Stalin's New Religious Policy. So resourceful is the religious spirit that it constantly slips its shackles and renders to God the things that are God's, while the commissars of the atheist Caesar stand helplessly by. Recently something like a religious renascence has developed among the youth of Eastern Germany. Religious leaders report similar revivals elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain to fill the vacuum created by Communist contempt for the dignity of man as the Christian gospel proclaims it.

It is heartening, too, to learn that persecution and martyrdom have tended to dissolve the conflicts and jealousies of the creeds. In Eastern Europe and in China, Protestants and Catholics, Orthodox believers, Jews, Moslems, and Buddhists have suffered together, aided each other, learned to respect each other. Persecution only strengthens this growing unity. Today, as often before in history, it may prove that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

James Rorty is the author of "Children of the Sun," "Where Life Is Better," and other books.

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Fiction. *Two of our most highly regarded contemporary novelists offer new books this week. John P. Marquand continues his gallery of American types with a portrait of a Regular Army officer, "Melville Goodwin, USA." Maxwell Geismar, who reviews it below, considers it more satisfactory as a work of entertainment than of art. Our newest Nobel Prize winner, William Faulkner, tries something new —a play-novel dealing with some of the places and people of his earlier works—in "Requiem for a Nun." Harrison Smith likes the result, but has some reservations which he indicates on page 12. Irving Stone, whose wedding of fact and fiction proved so popular in "Lust for Life" (Van Gogh) and "Immortal Wife" (Jessie Benton Fremont) is almost as successful in "The President's Lady" (Rachel Jackson) (page 13). Readers fond of short stories and fiction with a British flavor have a treat in store when they read Theodora Benson's "The Man from the Tunnel" (page 14).*

The Struggle with Authority

MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 596 pp. $3.75.

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS SEEMS to me one of the poorer Marquand novels—but is there any point in comparing them, lately? You always start them with pleasure and admiration, and end with the same sense of disappointment. They are marvelous entertainment, but somewhere along the line there has been an "upward twist," a cunning piece of literary magic through which the real story has disappeared and something else—a white rabbit, a handkerchief, an empty box—has been handed to us.

The thing to do is to enjoy them while you can, and perhaps not to reason why, for "Melville Goodwin" opens with the same fine flourish. Sidney Skelton is a famous radio commentator. The "integrity" of his voice has brought him a national audience, a wealthy sponsor, an estate in Connecticut, an ambitious wife, and a French poodle named Farouche whom he really likes. He is a typical Marquand figure, too bright for his environment, too weak to resist it, and the opening survey of the entertainment field—to which apparently the broadcasting of news has now been assigned—is a high spot of the book.

The trouble is that Sid knows Melville Goodwin, a two-star general who has become newsworthy through his behavior with a Russian patrol in Berlin. The Army needs a hero to compete with the Navy and the Air Force, and Sid is in the position of protecting the general from making a fool of himself, which would ruin the effect. The main story is the gradual disclosure of Goodwin's true character through a feature newspaper interview in the style of *Time* and *Life*, and through a series of typical Marquand cutbacks into his past. There is also an enterprising career-woman named Dottie Peale whose affair with Melville Goodwin is a serious handicap to the high brass.

The narrative of present action is handled very well indeed; the cutbacks into the old, simple small-town life of Mel Goodwin are to me, as almost always in Marquand's work, sentimental, unreal. This older native scene did—and does—exist, but Marquand has never been able to catch it except through nostalgia and romance, and when he is faced here with the problem of character and human relationships in themselves—not for the purpose of social satire—or of some kind of deep experience, he almost always loses his grip. Melville Goodwin as a typical American adolescent is, to be frank, a bore.

So are his wife and children, later on in the story, except perhaps for the continual quality of anxiety, of getting ahead, of not sticking their necks out, which seems to buoy them all up in the meticulous and rigid—and if I dare say so, almost Chinese—etiquette of the Army hierarchy. But we begin to realize that Marquand is absolutely serious about this. General Goodwin is a true hero whose simple virtues of character influence everybody else in the story, including the cynical Phil Bentley, the feature writer who has come to take him apart.

Even Sid Skelton obeys the General's final directive, to make good in the radio racket for the sake of his wife and kiddies. And the story which opened as a satirical study of both the entertainment industry and the military mind—the two poles of play and work in modern life—ends with the illusive warmth of an inspirational tract. For all I know this may be necessary in the present world crisis, but it is a curious conclusion to a central conflict in Marquand's own career as an artist. For Sidney Skelton himself is another one of Marquand's "outsiders" who is fighting for power in business he disapproves of, and in a social tradition to which he does not belong.

The whole point about Melville Goodwin as an Army officer is that his code of behavior is honest. He believes in his career completely and puts it to the test in the field of combat. A good man if kept in his place; but is this the only possible solution for the problem of belief in a commercial society without established forms of tradition? It might have taken more guts, a word which Marquand's General approves of, if Sid had really abandoned his voice and put his mind to work, or if Melville Goodwin himself had really gone through with his disastrous affair with Dottie Peale. But in the struggle with "authority" that runs through Marquand's work, authority, even if corrupt or false, always wins, and the soldier's code is a logical refuge for his disgruntled bankers and despairing playwrights.

It's odd that both Hemingway and Marquand have recently put in a defense for professional soldiers (officers, of course) and perhaps the younger writers like Norman Mailer or James Jones will finally have to take their stand against those literary ancestors who first showed them the path of revolt. Meanwhile this is probably all too solemn about a book which is meant primarily for popular entertainment, and an author whose unfortunate destiny has constrained him to do only what he can do so well.

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials," the first two volumes in a full-length critical study of the novel in America.

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Purification by Sacrifice

REQUIEM FOR A NUN. By William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 286 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

WILLIAM FAULKNER is the most complex of our writers but for those who have discovered the quality of his genius and have traveled backward and forward through the world in which his conscious and his subconscious mind has dwelled there is no modern author whose work is more fascinating and rewarding to explore. In short stories and novels he has written the saga of the deep South since 1825, and for his purposes has invented mythical Yoknapatawpha County and has created its people dwelling in cities and villages, old mansions and scattered shacks. It was the fashion among the reviewers of the late Thirties to deny his talent, to accuse him of being scatalogical, diffuse, and violent. It was the European critics and a few stalwart Americans who gave him his true value, and who led to his receiving the Nobel Prize in literature early this year.

His twentieth book, "Requiem for a Nun," is a novel, almost half of which is written as a play set in the midst of three explanatory historical interludes, "The Courthouse" and "The Jail" in Jefferson, center of his fictional county, and "The Golden Dome," the state capitol in Jackson. These passages represent Faulkner at his best, his native humor, imaginative sense of history, his eloquence; and they provide a background and meaning to his play as the judges and the condemned in courtrooms over the land are symbolically enclosed in walls of stone and towering pillars.

The play is the story of the Temple Drake of "Sanctuary," the wretched college girl who was kidnapped by a pervert on her way to a football game with alcoholic young Gowan Stevens, then raped, and held for weeks in a sporting house in Memphis. In the play she is five years older, married to Gowan, with her shocking past shielded, but still isolated, by the family's wealth and distinction. The "Nun" of the title is the colored maid and nurse for her two children, who has murdered her baby, and in the first brief scene is condemned to death. The sordid events that lead to this crime and the desperate attempts of Temple and Gavin Stevens, her lawyer uncle, to free the murderess, including a midnight appeal to the Governor, make up the body of this extraordinary drama. Temple had not been able to escape her past in the Stevens mansion; the loathsome creature who had seduced her, if it can be called that, had been killed, but Popeye's brother was blackmailing her. She was about to run away with him when Nancy, the nurse, once a prostitute and "dope fiend" and now her only intimate companion, strangled her baby, in an apparently mad and yet successful attempt to prevent the ruin of her mistress and the total destruction of the family.

Temple and her husband fled to California but were driven back by their conscience to Jefferson in an effort to prevent somehow Nancy's execution. To the reader their motive may seem to be as unbalanced as that of the murderess. The story that Temple would have to tell in court of her passion for a blackmailing scoundrel and thief could not conceivably release Nancy; as a reason for mercy no judge would give it a second thought. The midnight scene in the Governor's mansion takes the form and the meaning of a confessional which can purge but cannot cure. Faulkner has bestowed on Nancy the dignity of a sacrificial heroine in a Greek drama. She is endowed with one gift that no one else in the cast possesses, religious faith. When Gowan Stevens asks her a few hours before her execution if she believes in salvation she answers, "You don't need it. All you need, all you have to do, is just believe." She believes that "when folks suffer they are too busy to get into devilment, won't have time to worry and meddle one another." In killing the baby she brought suffering to Temple, prevented her from doing more evil, and as the baby went straight and untarnished to Heaven her act was merciful, and therefore she herself would go to Heaven. Gowan asks, "Can a murderess go to Heaven?"; her response is in three words, "I can work."

If Faulkner had written his play as a novel, his talent would have illuminated this strange woman. For the success of the play it is also necessary to comprehend how Temple, her husband, and her uncle can understand the dignity and purity of the murderess's conception; can believe that she is in a way a saint, or a nun as Faulkner names her, and that her act has brought to Temple forgiveness of her own past sins and her own part in the tragedy. Whether Faulkner has accomplished this in his play remains in doubt to the reader. On the stage where it will be presented with the devices of light and shadow which he has invented it might become one of the most remarkable dramas of our times.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE POETS PLAY BALL

To celebrate World Series week, Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, goes to bat with twenty quotations from the works of famous poets, each having a blank space to be filled in from the list of baseball terms on the right. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is a Hit, seventy is a Two-Bagger, and eighty or better is a Steal. Answers on page 14.

1. Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter	( ) Base
2. Give me the heart to fight—and	( ) Catch
3. The ..... 's afoot: follow your spirit.	( ) Diamond
4. The deep-browed ..... ruled as his desmesne.	( ) Error
5. Yet nightly ..... my moving tent.	( ) Field
6. Go and ..... a falling star.	( ) Fly
7. "Kill the ..... !" shouted someone in the stand.	( ) Foul
8. Be silent and ..... —silence never betrays you.	( ) Game
9. When I put ..... to sea.	( ) Homer
10. Humble because of knowledge; mighty by	( ) Lose
11. I see them in ..... dugouts, gnawed by rats.	( ) Out
12. Mourn, city of ....., your great Ahkoond is not.	( ) Pitch
13. What though the ..... be lost? All is not lost.	( ) Plate
14. With grace to ....., with heart to hold.	( ) Run
15. This rock shall fly from its firm ..... as soon as I.	( ) Sacrifice
16. Not for me the fireside, the well-filled	( ) Safe
17. But ....., wounded, writhes in pain.	( ) Strike
18. They ..... mine eyes, but not my heart.	( ) Swat
19. Busy, curious, thirsty ....., drink with me.	( ) Umpire
20. For me the ..... dawns are set in rings of beauty.	( ) Win

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—*Jacket design from the White House portrait of Rachel Jackson by Howard Chandler Christy.*

Love Story at the Hermitage

THE PRESIDENT'S LADY: A Novel of Rachel and Andrew Jackson. By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday & Co. 352 pp. $3.50.

By Herschel Brickell

IRVING STONE, who has won a deserved reputation for his work in the genre of the "biographical novel," has once more chosen a happy subject, and has handled it with a success that probably guarantees it wide reading, even in these days when the novel has lost much of its accustomed popularity.

There are those who object to the attempt to fuse fancy and fact, and who take their history as straight as they can get it, considering that history, too, is written by extremely fallible human beings. But the advantage of adding the novelist's creative touch to factual material is that the product is likely to reach a larger audience.

The story of the love of Andrew Jackson for Rachel Donelson Robards is beyond any doubt one of the great romances of all time, if, for no other reason, because it concerns itself with the passion of a man who was all man for a lovely woman who was all woman. It was what the French like to call *une grande passion*, a profound attachment between two remarkable human beings.

They were, too, star-crossed lovers, because of the legal difficulties that the times placed in the way of Rachel's winning free from Lewis Robards, jealous to the point of insanity, and determined to revenge himself at any cost upon the woman who had given him nothing but wholehearted devotion from the first day of their marriage.

Those who expect to find anything new in Mr. Stone's version of the love story will be disappointed; it has been told before, and well, as in Marquis James's excellent biography of Andrew Jackson. But it is Old Hickory who dominates the other books, while Mr. Stone's central figure is Rachel, a portrait done full-length, *con amore*, and in fullest detail.

Mr. Stone's novel opens with the return of Rachel to her family, Virginia folk of social standing, living at the time near what later became Nashville, Tennessee. She has come home because she can no longer bear her husband's cruelty. It ends with lonely Andrew fresh come to the White House, only a short time after Rachel's death at the Hermitage, where she still sleeps, from a heart attack.

The story moves, even though it could stand a bit of editing here and there, and is filled with the drama and the personalities of one of the most exciting periods of all American history. Andrew Jackson, land speculator, businessman, fancier of good horseflesh, honest lawyer and judge, duelist, military commander, and loyal and devoted husband, walks again in pages crowded with action.

So rich is the historical background itself, that Mr. Stone is obliged to leave out much of it, but he omits nothing that is directly concerned with Rachel, with the terrible pursuit of her by malicious gossip, and her steadfast courage through everything. So why balk at occasional anachromisms?

Herschel Brickell has been working for years on a history of Natchez, and his research has taken him deep into the story of Andrew Jackson and Rachel.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 913)

C[HARLES] MORGAN:
LIBERTIES OF THE MIND

The purpose of the present book is to assist recognition of the nature of the attack . . . from the early nineteenth century, . . . now reaching its climax, upon those mental and spiritual freedoms which are the breath of reason and faith.

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Glimpses of Humanity

THE MAN FROM THE TUNNEL. By Theodora Benson. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 271 pp. $3.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

ONE OF the stories in this expert collection contains a character who "knew twenty-seven languages and dialects and had very little to say in any of them." Miss Benson herself knows a variety of languages—humor, fantasy, legend, terror, adventure, drama. In most of them she says something pointed and arresting.

Miss Benson is a young British writer, the daughter of Lord Charnwood who wrote a noteworthy life of Abraham Lincoln. Like him she has not confined her attention to her own country. These stories range from London, to Scotland, to New York, to China, to Indonesia. Her material is various and her treatment skilfully changes with it. In story after story the idiom and key are precisely right; the tale and the telling are one.

Unpredictably the stories move from the gentle lunacy of "The Man from the Tunnel" to the brief trance of terror in "Door Marked Exit," from a studio party in Chelsea to the huge shadows of a losing fight with death in "Tomorrow Is Another Day," from contemporary London in "Harry Was Good to the Girls" to Shensi legend in " A Long Time Ago." The author's mind is feminine, furnished, experienced; sometimes it shows a glancing deftness, sometimes a lingering reflection.

Several of these nineteen stories concern London's past theatrical people. "The Children of Mr. Mountfort" is an eighteenth-century tour de force, and the ingenious "Shakespeare's Elderly Bore" explains some passages in Shakespeare by showing a wry playwright providing parts for an elderly actor who had passion for pompous speeches. Several macabre tales reveal an odd and uneasy fascination with the New York waterfront a hundred years ago; these are the least interesting in the book.

—*Follett.*

Theodora Benson—"a glancing deftness."

Six of the stories are set in Indonesia, and they are Miss Benson's best. They see the pride and patience of the Eastern people, they are aware of all the old heathen gods of the jungle and the coast, they have strangeness, opulence, and wisdom. "The Funeral Feast" is a deft and simple story which brings together the East and West, showing the taint of European restlessness which kept young Rahim troubled in his liver. ("You would say *heart,* but with us is liver throne of all emotion.") "The Golden Fish" is a story Conrad would admire, though he could not have told it with such relaxed and unstudied knowledge. And no one who reads these stories will forget "The White Sea Monkey"—fascinating in itself and fascinating in the telling—where only a child could see the truth and would insist, unshaken: "It's a man! It's a man tied to a stone!"

One of Miss Benson's stories (it could owe something to Ring Lardner or Dorothy Parker) ends: "I always say human nature's interesting, don't you?" A good short story is a new glimpse of human nature. Here are repeated glimpses of our humanity, with its humor, its terror, its pride, and its defeat.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Run. Omar Khayyam: "Rubaiyat." 2. Lose. Louis Untermeyer: "Prayer." 3. Game. William Shakespeare: "Henry V." 4. Homer. John Keats: "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." 5. Pitch. James Montgomery: "At Home in Heaven." 6. Catch. John Donne: "Song." 7. Umpire. Ernest L. Thayer: "Casey at the Bat." 8. Safe. John Boyle O'Reilly: "Rules of the Road." 9. Out. Alfred Tennyson: "Crossing the Bar." 10. Sacrifice. Rudyard Kipling: "The Islanders." 11. Foul. Siegfried Sassoon: "Dreamers." 12. Swat. George Thomas Lanigan: "A Threnody." 13. Field. John Milton: "Paradise Lost." 14. Win. Ralph Waldo Emerson: "In Memoriam." 15. Base. Sir Walter Scott: "Lady of the Lake." 16. Plate. Irene Rutherford McLeod: "Lone Dog." 17. Error. William Cullen Bryant: "The Battle-Field." 18. Strike. Ben Jonson: "Epicoene." 19. Fly. William Oldys: "On a Fly Drinking out of a Cup of Ale." 20. Diamond. John Townsend Trowbridge: "Service."

Fiction Notes

CAPTIVE IN THE NIGHT. By Donald Stokes. Coward-McCann. $2.75. Lust, greed, passion, love (of sorts), adventure, hair's-breadth escapes, intrigue, and plenty of shooting, are the salient ingredients of this technicolor story of postwar Algeria. Blair Hansen, an American, who had been with the occupation forces acting as the interrogating officer in ferreting out hidden Fascist forces, returns to Algiers six years later, only to run again into Mari Lander, one of his original victims, whom he had subdued in more senses than one. In fact, his rough, tyrannical tactics had tremendously impressed Mari. She had liked the rough treatment; she knew a he-man when she saw one. And Hansen had succumbed to the temptress. Indeed, now that he was back at the invitation of the local native tycoon, who promised him financial rewards in an industrial enterprise, if he would conciliate the Arab anti-French rebels, he promptly discovered that the over-ardent Mari still entertained a hang-over for him as a bedfellow. Like Barkis, he was only too willing, having been first provided with proof that the double-cross had no part in the physical partnership. The situation is complicated by the presence of Mari's beautiful daughter Celeste, fresh from the Sorbonne, who, unbeknown to Mari, has a secret lover in a leader of the Arab independence movement, also an ex-student of the Sorbonne. She is no tigress like her mother, and is romantically in love with her Arab sheik who returns her love, but is hampered in his relationship with the French girl by his patriotic duty. Between them, though by no means acting in unison, the four lovers hatch up a mountain of trouble, which leads to explosive violence and, finally, to an attempt to escape to safety. This fast-paced story, splashed with blood and noise, is definitely for lovers of international thrillers.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING. By Milton Luban. Greenberg. $2.50. This is not, as the book jacket declares, "a hilarious novel in the tradition of the late Thorne Smith." Although its narrative is slick and fast-paced, it lacks the subtlety and originality of situation that makes a story about people and ghosts both amusing and almost believable. The author does achieve one or two chuckle-producing incidents but his effort toward humor is always discernible.

The spook shenanigans promptly begin when Michael Horace Greeley's city editor assigns him to interview

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one Ahbed, a ghost involved in a divorce suit between Professor and Mrs. Pincus. Taking his boss's suggestion, Greeley drives off to Woodland Cemetery, "stopping to visit only a few bartenders on the way," and finds not Ahbed, but Terry Stone, another thirsty spirit who offers to capture Ahbed for the price of a few drinks. Michael and Terry are joined by a fellow tippler, Abe Green, who shares the reporter's ability to converse with ghosts, and Abe's sister Pam, who does not but manages to fascinate Michael anyway. When the foursome aren't leaning across Tom's or some other bar they're making the rounds of some of Los Angeles's lunatic cultist meetings whose vicious leaders Michael tries to expose. After encountering numerous difficulties because of Terry, his invisible friend who decides to picket Tom's Bar with placards reading, "People Drink—Why Not Spooks?," Michael finds not only Ahbed but the ghost of the recently deceased Professor Pincus who committed suicide in order to thrash the spectral Romeo who stole his wife's affections. When he's tipped off the authorities about the phony cultists and has won Pam's heart, Michael loses his power of spiritual speech in order to resume the normal life of a newspaperman.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

FABIA. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. With "Stella Dallas" and "Now, Voyager," Mrs. Prouty proved herself an adept practitioner in the field of "women's novels," those emotion-charged stories about heroines impaled on the barbs of love. In the same pattern is "Fabia," the author's fifth novel about the Vale family, a patrician Boston clan whose saga is now carried through the Second World War.

A Back Bay debutante turned nurse, Fabia Vale writes verse and a novel and carries on a clandestine love affair in a rooming house on New York's unfashionable West Side. Duty-ridden by his profession and hag-ridden by a jealous wife, Dr. Oliver Baird nobly

(*Continued on page* 25)

NEW EDITIONS

IT SEEMS to me that Morton Dauwen Zabel's "The Portable Henry James" (Viking Press, $2.50) is just about as good a piece of work as it could be, within the spatial limits by which the editor was confined. Obviously there was no room in such a book for even one of the novels; but there was room for excellent specimens of all the other kinds of writing —save for the ill-starred plays—that engaged James's pen for fifty years: "short stories, longer tales or *nouvelles*, essays and reviews in literary criticism and biography, excerpts from his three autobiographical memoirs, one of the longest and most personal journals from his notebooks, and his letters." These specimens, too, as the editor intended, reveal to the reader James's thematic range and stylistic evolution. Mr. Zabel's introduction is judicious, his notes prefixed to the several sections are both brief and adequate, his "Chronology" of James's life is very nearly the equivalent of a concise biography, and his bibliography of books by and on Henry James is as full as anyone but an exacting student could desire.

The five tales chosen by Mr. Zabel are "Four Meetings" (1877), which shows James at his early best, writing with compassionate amusement and fine economy; "The Marriages" (1891), a tragi-comedy in which a girl obsessed by good intentions acts for the very worst; "Greville Fane" (1892), a trifle, but, as the editor says, a witty one; "The Real Thing" (1892), concerned with the mysterious relationship of Art and Life; and "A Round of Visits" (1910), one of the stories that explain why James chose expatriation. The three *nouvelles* are "The Beast in the Jungle" (1903), very famous; "The Pupil" (1891), well-known and highly praised; and "The Bench of Desolation" (1909), less known, and here, I think, overpraised. Mr. Zabel calls "The Bench of Desolation" a masterpiece, and agrees with Edmund Wilson that it is "surely one of the most beautifully written and wonderfully developed pieces in the whole range of James's work"; but in my judgment it is a tedious, implausible story, tediously told, with only a few fine touches. It is an example of James's last manner, and I confess that I find that manner —with its sadly diminished matter— deplorable. The blight fell on James's fiction and non-fiction alike. One reads in the present collection, for example, his tortuous, lifeless account of his first meetings with George Eliot (published in 1917), and one weeps, thinking what he could have done with the subject thirty years earlier. In his last period he lost all sense of the proportion that should exist between subject and execution; he became a stranger to the "exquisite economy in composition" that he once held dear. Playing retiarius to his own genius, he finally strangled it in the cunningly meshed, infinitely complicated net of his elaborated prose. But, happily for those readers whose admiration for James the First and James the Second does not extend to the Old Pretender (I bow my acknowledgment to my late friend Philip Guedalla), Mr. Zabel's admirable volume is composed largely of work done during the first two periods of the Jamesian career.

Melville B. Anderson's translation of "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," first published in 1921, and Jefferson Butler Fletcher's translation of the same poem have both been reissued, the first in the World's Classics series (Oxford, $1.25), the second by Columbia University Press ($3.50). The *Commedia* has challenged and inspired a surprising number of translators into English, and a surprising number of these have enjoyed a considerable measure of success in their undertaking. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Fletcher are both among the fortunate; but I prefer the latter's version. The first has been faithful to Dante's *terza-rima*, while the second —believing that this meter presents "prohibitive difficulties for rhyme-poor English," and arguing that the multiplication of rhymes, even when they are found, is fatiguing in English verse—has, with results pleasing to my ear, employed rhymed but unlinked tercets.

Madame de La Fayette's pioneer novel, "The Princess of Cleves," translated by Nancy Mitford, has been published by New Directions ($1.50). And the same publisher has reprinted Ezra Pound's "ABC of Reading" ($1.50), a little book that holds stimulating and suggestive passages, but one that is a characteristically untidy product of Pound's untidy mind.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Belles-Lettres.

Two American women writers, each enigmatic in her own way, are represented among books reviewed this week. The Yale University Press is trying to throw light on Gertrude Stein in two volumes published simultaneously: Donald Sutherland's attempt to write "a biography of her work" and a volume of Miss Stein's fugitive pieces (see below). Theodora Van Wagenen Ward has edited some heretofore unpublished letters that Emily Dickinson wrote her friends Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Holland (page 17). They explain a bit of the Amherst lady's personality; more important, they offer new instances of her skill as a poet. . . . In "The Practical Cogitator" of several years back two Americans, Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet, assembled the richest gatherings of a lifetime of wide and varied reading. Now a Britisher, Victor Gollancz, has brought together the fruits of his reading in another admirable volume, "Man and God," reviewed on page 19.

The Sound Keeps on Sounding

GERTRUDE STEIN: A Biography of Her Work. By Donald Sutherland. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 218 *pp.* $3.75.

TWO: Gertrude Stein and Her Brother, and Other Early Portraits (1908—1912). By Gertrude Stein. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 355 *pp.* $5.

By W. G. Rogers

"SOUND COMING out of her had been sounding and she had been telling that sound coming out of her —a sound that was sounding the meaning of something that was existing," or so Gertrude Stein wrote about herself in "Two."

Except that it is impolitic to antagonize a reader in the very first paragraph, almost before he becomes a reader, we might have expanded that thus: "Or so Miss Stein wrote with her usual clarity." The meaning of the words is undeniably clear, after all; the phrasing is characteristic; and the passage, which dates from about 1910, is true. Sound would keep coming sounding out of her for thirty-five years more, mingled increasingly with pro and con sounds out of her admirers and detractors. It all made a hubbub and a to-do, and these two books will put no damper at all on this sound coming sounding ever loud and clear.

Sir Edward Grey said that a nation preparing for war prepares for the last one, not the next. Miss Stein quoted him. Mr. Sutherland quotes her, then claims the artist does better than the nation, for he prepares for the unexpected. It may also be claimed that the indolent reader expects of the next book what he had in the last, though it is rather his duty, and certainly his pleasure, to expect something different. Mr. Sutherland helps prepare him for the fresh and always unexpected Gertrude Stein.

Like all other commentators, Mr. Sutherland goes back to Hugo Münsterberg and William James. He notes their, and her, concern with consciousness, and her experiments in automatic writing. One problem today is to explain how her work, which looks exasperatingly like automatic writing, isn't, but is instead "conscious and clear," "objectively clear"; however many inattentive readers it put to sleep, it was not written in a trance. Fixing her attention on "present thinking," as Mr. Sutherland calls it, she advanced to the prolonged and continuous present; to characters expressed without the help of incident, comparable to the oil painting without characters in it; to objects without characters, as in "Tender Buttons"; to "absolute and self-contained literature." It was a progression, says Mr. Sutherland, and so he writes a "biography" of her work.

He agrees with her that she was a genius, believes her lofty purpose in writing was to create masterpieces and nothing less. He defines the spirit of her art as essentially comic. He interprets the novels most helpfully, in particular the romantic "Lucy Church Amiably" and the existentialist "Ida." Furthermore, his first sentence expresses his intention of explaining only "as much as I understand" and he repeats this disavowal more than once. The Stein cause, though it is established unshakably, should thank this appraiser heartily for his modesty, his frank admiration, his perspicacious, diligent, and loving research.

Mr. Sutherland, who is not of course the first to venture into the green field of Stein exegesis, occasionally finds himself on a path already well trodden. He is a brilliant elucidator, but his brilliance, maybe because it dazzles and blinds even him, can lead him astray, into foggy regions beyond his trail's end. It happens in Spain, for instance. Certainly the Spanish landscape, "immediate and final," exerted a fundamental influence on Picasso the cubist and the Stein of "Tender Buttons" and "Four Saints in Three Acts." But to argue also that, since Spain is a peninsula, it doesn't keep going on and on but that in fact the only distances left to it eventually are up, is to milk Spain drier than even Miss Stein and Picasso did. It resembles so much of the talk, which is muddy, about so much modern art, which is clear, and it has no evocative or creative significance or necessity. Again, when Mr. Sutherland describes Miss Stein as a "small and compact" person, he is only half right; when he calls her a "small and compact" writer as the consequence of her physique, he is not right at all. "A taller and more loosely knit person," he declares, "if he really lives his writing, will naturally write another kind of thing." That's almost the same as saying that Mr. Sutherland, who in his photograph has a mustache and a somewhat lined face, could not testify so sensitively, without mustache and wrinkles, to Miss Stein's unique virtues.

One virtue was that she wrote so that she could be understood by those who cared to understand, or so it always seemed to me. Other people think not. They might accuse Mr. Sutherland of piling a special obscurity of his own on top of hers, and thus leaving her essence twice as unavailable as before. These people especially need this book, and I hope Mr. Sutherland's apparent indifference to an audience will not alienate them. He can turn a marvelously neat phrase, and be as epigrammatic as Miss Stein herself. But he can also talk, for instance, about "multiplied delocalization"; that means, if you please, that Miss Stein didn't stay long enough in one place to put down roots, that she was in fact a rolling Stein. The day will come, I predict, when we shall have to ask her books to elucidate her elucidators. Mr. Sutherland concludes wisely: "Forget

W. G. Rogers, book editor for the Associated Press, is the author of "When This You See Remember Me," a study of Gertrude Stein.

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this talk about her work . . . Simply read her work as if that were to be all."

It's not possible, unhappily, to advocate "Two" as the work simply to read. Even Miss Flanner, in her unpretentious foreword, doesn't appear to go so far as that. Miss Stein wanted her unpublished work published. Years ago she asked a visitor, William Carlos Williams, what he'd do if he had all her manuscripts. He'd save the best ones, he answered rashly, and throw the rest into the fire. Miss Stein would not have been Miss Stein if she had followed his advice, and we're glad she didn't. "Two" and some twenty other portraits comprise this first of eight projected volumes under Carl Van Vechten's editorship. These pieces, dated vaguely 1908-1912, fit into Mr. Sutherland's classification under the title, "Naturalism and Continuous Present," which he dates 1902-1911. They are in the style of "The Making of Americans," but it is more intense, compact and rewarding. In one spot, however, they overstep this period prophetically: a few pages in "Jenny, Helen, Hannah, Paul and Peter" clearly anticipate "Tender Buttons."

—*Imogen Cunningham.*

Gertrude Stein (1937)—"concern with consciousness."

Contradictions of Life and Art

EMILY DICKINSON'S LETTERS TO DR. AND MRS. JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. Edited by Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 252 pp. $4.

By Henry W. Wells

THE FIRST direct extension of our interest in any person usually lies in a personal relationship leaving its best record in private correspondence. It is no clearer that Emily Dickinson is a major figure in American literature than that as a New Englander, a lyric and metaphysical poet, she makes special claim to be regarded as a champion of individualism, personal freedom, and self-expression. She has long been acknowledged to be a singularly vivid human being presenting unusually absorbing problems to her biographers. Her personal letters have been hardly less prized than her poems. Earlier this year was published anew the collection edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. This still remains the most substantial representation of her as a letter writer. But there now appears an admirably edited group of additional letters presented on a new plan.

Throughout her mature life Emily was well acquainted with the family of Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland. The Doctor was one of the most successful journalists of his times as well as an extremely popular lecturer, essayist, novelist, and poet. It was, however, with his more sensitive wife that Emily established a lasting and intimate friendship. She assisted, for example, in conveying letters to Emily's friend in the spirit, the Reverend Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia. Twenty-nine of Emily's letters to the Hollands are contained in Mrs. Todd's collection. These and sixty-four others are printed in the newest volume of her correspondence, edited by Dr. Holland's granddaughter, Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Many letters to the Hollands both among those in the Todd volumes and the much larger number given here for the first time, contain poetic prose of the highest order. The new letters, as might be supposed, were discovered "with other papers in a box in the attic."

The book is valuable, then, for the skilful and affectionate scholarship of the editor and for the art of the remarkable letters themselves. It can hardly be said that the picture they present is radically new. Like virtually all publications relating to Emily Dickinson, this is tentative, since new and more attractive editions of the poetry and prose are expected within the next few years. These letters will doubtless appear in editions more comprehensive or more selective than those we now possess. The aim here is to present a group of letters, many conjecturally dated, in chronological order. It is the first book of Emily's to be so arranged. The method is obvious, reasonable, and helpful. Occasionally, however, it has been suggested that her alleged "mystery" will be in some drastic way cleared up when her poems and letters will have been so ordered. Yet even were this goal approximately attained the assumption must be viewed with caution. A chronological arrangement will very possibly be chosen by the next important

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Henry W. Wells, an associate in the English department of Columbia University, is the author of "An Introduction to Emily Dickinson," "The "American Way of Poetry," and other books.

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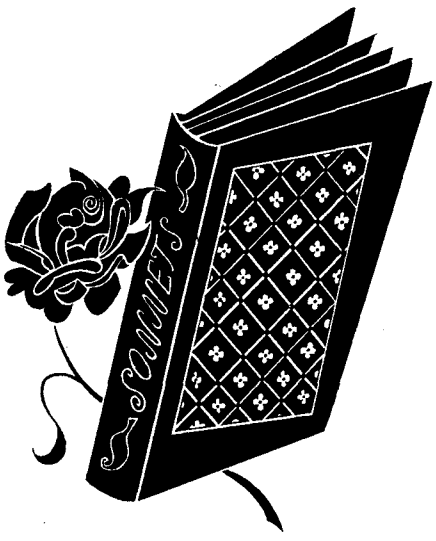

editors of her verse and prose. Such an arrangement should be distinctly rewarding. The error would be to suppose that a peculiar "mystery" exists or that a solution can exist. Emily will still remain as she so well knew herself, a small part in the great mystery of life and art, which smiles at no illusions more archly than at those with historical pretensions. This remains equally true, whether she loved man or woman, one or many. Happily, her latest editor claims no revelations and even the book's jacket presents it only as inaugurating a new historical approach to its subject. Her modest and sane annotations, especially her painstaking studies of paper and handwriting, prove her one of the most helpful friends that the real, or posthumous, Emily has thus far enjoyed.

The letters eloquently reflect the paradox of Emily as a woman and her problem as artist. Like the rest of us, though to a greater degree, she was highly contradictory. In her we find the true New Englander, the sentimental Victorian, and the truly great artist. The first and last she can be simultaneously; the second quality raises the grave difficulty. In most, though not all, her poetry she solves the problem set for her. The letters naturally betray much greater inequality than the poems. The former contain innumerable thrilling epigrams, occasional great passages, together with pathetic evidence of her weakness as a troubled woman in a morbid society. No chronological study will, I think, be able to show a sure and lasting victory in any field save her art, which for over a quarter of a century yielded profound poems. Her letters to the genial Mrs. Holland are neither her most nor her least important, inasmuch as her finest correspondence is addressed to her most intellectual friends. But always she proves to be herself, and she is not infrequently triumphant.

Artist and Literary Craftsman

THOMAS MANN. By Henry Hatfield. New York: New Directions. 179 *pp.* $2.

By Claude Hill

ALTHOUGH Thomas Mann has been highly honored in the country of his refuge, American literary criticism has strangely failed to do justice to his work. There have occasionally been essays on him; the best commentary on "The Magic Mountain" has been penned by an American professor (Herman Weigand of Yale), but no general study of the famous German novelist has ever been published. The deplorable gap has now been closed by Professor Henry Hatfield of Columbia who offers in the splendid Makers of Modern Literature series the first "Thomas Mann."

This reviewer can think of no higher praise than to admit that he would have liked to have written the book himself. It is an intelligent, sober, admirably organized, rather detached, and objective analysis of Mann's literary works. Hatfield rightly remarks that his author has sometimes suffered the fate of indiscriminate praise in this country, but I doubt whether he realizes that Mann has been much more harmed by the stigma of ponderosity, not to mention the downright malicious and hostile attitude of most critics in his native Germany today. Mann is often considered a "difficult" and didactic writer, a disguised philosopher, or a stuffy "Goethe in Hollywood" as *The New Yorker* called him once. The fact that from time to time he captures the trophies of the book clubs ("Doctor Faustus" 1948, "The Holy Sinner" 1951) may, then, come as a surprise, although it should not really be surprising at all in the case of—as Harry Levin called him—"the unchallenged master of living novelists."

It is Hatfield's merit to present a Thomas Mann who is, first and above all, a professional writer, an artist, a literary craftsman. This aspect of the book is all the more laudable in a study written in English which cannot communicate the subtleties and beauties of the original German to the American reader. Thus Hatfield is able to explain well Mann's famous use of the *leitmotif* and its development from naturalistic device to symbol, but he resorts to clichés like "deliberately stately quality" ("Death in Venice") or "new brilliance and urgency" ("The Magic Mountain") when he speaks of the style itself. And yet, it is precisely the inimitable German prose, its melody, rhythm, and quality of chiseled marble in language, that assures works like "Tonio Kröger," however dated and sentimental, their lasting place in modern literature.

Realizing the autobiographical character of Mann's work, Hatfield has rightly chosen a more or less chronological approach. He devotes five large chapters to literary interpretation, follows them up with a short—perhaps too short—biographical sketch, and, finally, deals with the major essays in a separate note. The characterizing title Comedy and Wretchedness seems as fitting as any for the early short stories, while "Buddenbrooks" is analyzed under the heading The World of the Father, placing an emphasis on Johann Mann, the senator and wholesale merchant, which seems somewhat excessive to this reviewer. Next to "Buddenbrooks," the finest treatment is given to "The Magic Mountain," probably the greatest novel produced thus far in the twentieth century. The author appears less happy in his analysis of "Doctor Faustus" which he, like most American critics, fails to appreciate sufficiently as both a piece of deliberate musical construction in words and an allegory of the isolated genius in our time. Hatfield makes more of the symbolic parallel between Mann's hero Leverkühn and the German national character. It is perhaps too early to expect an exhaustive interpretation of a work so enigmatic and full of hidden secrets, and even spook traps which its creator seems to have planted with impish malice for the annoyance of philologists and literary Beckmessers.

Thanks to Hatfield, Mann emerges as one of the great practitioners of contemporary fiction, as an experimental pioneer of Joyce's stature, a superb creator of unforgettable characters, a painstaking craftsman of great erudition, and the consistent protagonist of a "third humanism" of his own coinage. The uninitiated reader will get an intelligent introduction to the major novels while the expert will find many challenging opinions and formulations. A courageous publisher might even be provoked into finally commissioning that long overdue comprehensive study of the complete works of Thomas Mann.

Claude Hill is a member of the German department of Rutgers University. He is the editor of "Drei Nobelpreistäger."

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A Prodigious Writer

LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Selected, with an introduction by Richard Rumbold. Translated by J. M. Cohen. New York: Philosophical Library. 248 pp. $3.75.

By Lewis Galantiere

OF THE 2,000 Flaubert letters in print, this import from Britain contains 122, or about 6 per cent. Because they were written by a prodigiously intelligent, sensitive, and articulate writer, they are interesting, but few among them would be classed with the most interesting letters Flaubert wrote.

The fault is the editor's, whose choice is not merely niggardly, it is astonishing. His introduction indicates that he has grasped the importance of Flaubert's correspondence; his selection displays him to be defective in judgment. It is hard to believe that he can mean what he says when he asserts that "surely the most beautiful of all Flaubert's letters" are those he wrote to Mlle. Leroyer de Chantepie. Those are precisely the dullest, tending to the pedantic and schoolmasterish, necessarily cramped in expression by the conventional character of their recipient—a *bien pensant* provincial writer whom Flaubert was too well-bred to offend by the absence of restraint that was natural to him. When, on the other hand, we are told about the letters to Louise Colet that "very few of them are of much value or interest," we hardly know what to say. That dreadful literary fraud and climber was a woman of the world who lived at the heart of intellectual and artistic Paris. Flaubert, whom she seduced and clung to for years, could and did write to her with entire freedom. The passion of the artist for his art, the *via crucis* which the artist treads between the conception and the bringing into being of a work of art, are nowhere so poignantly described in all their harrowing experience and desperate glory as in the letters to Louise Colet. It was to her—and for ten years to no one else—that he wrote in this style: "For three days I have been sprawling on every piece of furniture in every possible posture, trying to find out *what to say*"; "I'd rather drop dead at my desk than wriggle out of the difficulties [of "Madame Bovary"]"; "Oh, what vices I should have if I weren't a writer!"

Even in this disappointing volume there is more than one good passage, however. For example: "A while ago,

at six in the morning, just as I was writing the words 'attack of nerves,' I was so carried away, I was yelling so loud and feeling so deeply what my little housewife was going through, that I was afraid I'd have one too: I got up from my desk and opened the window to quiet my nerves." Unfortunately, in Mr. Cohen's translation, this goes: ". . . I was so carried away that I groaned aloud, feeling in the depths of my being all that my little woman was going through. I was afraid that I should have a nervous crisis myself."

When I think that this might have been a book that would show us Flaubert as he was, I too "groan aloud." We have here only a dim picture of the true Flaubert, the man who wrote, "If I saw Shakespeare in the flesh I should drop dead of fright"; "The scene lasts three hours: I shall have spent two months on it"; "I don't like poetical people, I like poets"; "The ivory tower, the ivory tower! And your nose pointing to the stars"; "The more society progresses, the more mankind degenerates."

It is good news that our most capable Flaubertist, Francis Steegmuller, has agreed to do a volume of Flaubert letters. Till then, the vacuum remains.

Lewis Galantière, translator of numerous works both from French and German and author of many others, is now at work on a study of Voltaire.

In a Religious Mood

MAN AND GOD. By Victor Gollancz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 576 pp. $3.75.

By Ben Ray Redman

THE SUBTITLE of this unusually rich anthology is "Passages chosen and arranged to express a mood about the human and divine." And in his foreword Mr. Gollancz writes: "The mood of this anthology (with its contradictions) is the mood that has dominantly been mine ever since, as a small boy, I sniffed the air and sang for joy amid the late autumn leaves in a narrow London garden. Now, when I am fifty-seven, 'the dust and stones of the street' are still, by God's grace, 'as precious as gold' to me; the corn is still 'orient and immortal wheat'; and 'what my heart first awaking whispered the world was,' that and nothing other my heart whispers still."

This is, then, the anthology of a man in love with life and profoundly grateful for the gift of life; grateful, and worshipful in the presence of the giver. But it is, too, as Mr. Gollancz makes plain, the anthology of a man who, despite his dominant mood, has known his time of troubles and walked in dark valleys. So here are not only songs of joy and hymns of gratitude, but also words of consolation for the distressed and the weary and the sorrowful; evocations of both courage and resignation; outpourings of humility; philosophical arguments regarding the natures of man and of God, and the ties that bind them; metaphysical speculations; moral precepts and ethical guideposts; mystical flights and visions; parables, and anecdotes heavy with meaning.

The collection begins with Aquinas's assurance that God loves all existing things, and it ends with Isaiah's assurance that the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den. Between these extremes are passages, long and short, gathered from almost two hundred and fifty ancient, medieval, and modern writers and sources. There are passages from the Old and New Testaments that are known to everyone, and there are less familiar passages from Mendel of Kosov, Isaac of Syria, Sri Chaitanya, Jalalu D-Din Rumi, Benjamin Whichcote, and Demetrios Capetanakis—to mention only a few of the not so widely known writers on whom the compiler has drawn.

Plotinus speaks in these pages, and

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Poet Always Next But One

By David McCord

I

THE world is in an ugly mood;
The world has bred an ugly brood.
A wind is blowing off the sea:
Uprooted lies the Judas Tree.

A man is pounding on the door:
The world has heard that sound before.
Bolts rattle, and the door is thin:
A voice says he shall not come in.

Who takes the water from the spring
May spy the bird and hear him sing:
Who feeds the frost with candle light
Betrays the bastion in the night.

II

Given his heritage, what other gift?
Sure of his anchorage, what other ties?
Granted his boundaries, how else and where?
Proven his genius, will the ladder rise?
Asking these questions in a world adrift,
Question the answers for we are not there.

III

Given his heritage, he is not born;
The paper for his books perhaps not even
The seed unripened under Hudson Bay.
His birth star rises nightly over Eastport,
Rindge, Cape Charles, St. Augustine, Key West,
To set beyond the seven perpetual rollers
West of Puget Sound, northwest southwest
Of salmon-spawned Columbia, the Rogue,
The Red Woods, of each sunken bulkhead holding
The far Pacific peaceful at the edge
Of California's fog-wreathed Monterey.
Time has a healthy appetite. The cycle
And universal meshing of the gears
Of life and death, delight, disaster, dream
And anguish, sealed in the animal oil
Of here and now, are in
His favor. Time consumes, consuming with a mouth
Of fire along the quadrants of continual
Dawn, a mouth of smoke along the quadrants
Of continual dusk. Time is unanxious. Only we
Are anxious that our day be long and late.
His day will come, is coming: The American
Poet always next but one. His heritage
Just what? His anchorage just where? His
Vision wide—how wide? O time attends
To all and sundry but time is not attendant or
Attentive. Time will tell, but not to us:
Time is a kind of fever in our eyes;
We are a flash of fever in our time.

IV

How large the country looms for any poet!
How big and strange—too strange for all its bigness,
And strangest at the points of common fault.
Life? Anywhere from Coast to Coast we live
Revised, revisioned, socialized, secured, taxed,
Surtaxed—harmonized and hormonized:
One people with one look, one frown, one smile,
One laugh, one voice, one vote, one fear, one
Dividend, one vitamin, one atom, and one style.
If only we could simply say: one faith!
If only we could faithfully say: one God!
If only One were all we had in common!
From coast to coast,
From cost to cost,
From ghost to ghost
From lost to lost
Horizons, waiting for the lights to change; still waiting, flying,
Speeding, waiting, bolting, dashing, waiting, racing . . .
Waiting for the need to speed no longer; finding
Images that only images ourselves could recognize,
Seeing no shallowness beneath the thin veneer; not seeing
A school of human ale-wives in the night-nets of
The national networks; pinned black beetles
On a ground glass screen; dead fingers
Turning inside out atomic comics,
Robots warming up the stale commercials, script
That waits upon the nondescript; our national wit
A blood-bank for thin gags; tradition
Questionable; culture a commodity;
Noblesse oblige a rhinestone phrase, a keepsake;
Chromium façade ok, fine craftsmanship
Lost somewhere on the beltlines, and
Great books in losing battle with the
Photo-finished, camera *in camera*. O candida!
O pixilated, commentated, simplesimonized! And who
Is always driving, using, boasting, begging next year's
Models, paying last week's payments, pawning
Last year's dreams?

V

American poet next but one,
This is what we have done:
To this your fathers won.

This is the nightmare — what the physicists
Call surface tension. Or perhaps excess invention.
In the corrected phrase, the plastic age
In plastics, the electric age of spastics,
Age of the international nervous breakdown,
Age of premature remorse and postponed joy.

American poet next but one,
The sands in the glasses run;
Brighter will shine your sun.

VI

This is the illusion we elude,
This is the night of which we make the day,
This is the day from which we fashion night,
This is the truth we wish to call untrue,
This is the road we shall not ever take,
This is the road we took by some mistake,
This is the complication of the crude,
This is the nightfall cutting off the view,
This is the word we thought we should not say,
This is the vision we did not invite.

VII

America, have we no choice?
All emptiness, all hollow voice?
All platitude, all cryptic joke?
No fire, no ceremonial smoke?

Have we no roots? no seed? no corn?
No blossom on the cactus thorn?
No spawning in the shattered light
On shelving waters? Rain in sight?

Great land, between the greater seas,
The pioneer who felled his trees,
The settler who consumed his soil
Are one with everything we spoil.

VIII

Given his heritage, it is not given
To countersign the articles of faith.

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But even in the inconclusive darkness of
This darkening hour all the Delphic
Meaning of our consequent lives can
Suddenly resolve, and we become
The one beyond the oneness I decry.

American poet next but one:
Here is the argument begun
In Genesis. No other. None.

Sure of his anchorage, his other sureness
Is half himself: the rock within the
Mountain, the river on its way, the
Far savannahs and the buffalo bones.
The delta at the Gulf, old Spanish moss
Suspending the deep South, rock maples
In the roundness of Vermont, red Manzanita
Veins of Oregon milk quartz, the smoky blue
Integument of true Virginia, profitable
Aroostook, the alluvial sandwash
By the young St. Lawrence—all are his.
And his forever—as we count forever—lavas
And culebras of the West, the flowery
Desert under the Joshua Tree,
Those long-horned adjectives of Texas, pure
Mosaic carpets at the foot of the pueblo,
Cross-cut ranges sawing through the sky: all
Color, cloud, and contour of this proud
Memorial hunting ground, green forest,
Broken lakes, moraine and drumlin, running
Water and lost tombs.

IX

Three things are basic in the long advance:
Time, place, and being. But the forward glance
Assumes the act of history, which was chance.

The simple cambric for the whole design
Is place and being, and where they align
A thread draws them together. Time is twine

In that sense, only time can never break.
The living and the dead are both awake
And one with everything we do or make.

An Adams and a Jefferson today
Have rather much than little still to say.
We challenge them. Who cries the stronger Nay?

Franklin, his knuckles bare and showing scar,
Is more the statesman than the Leyden jar.

Yet cry Poor Richard! Who brings near from far?

Our freedom dearer than endemic light
Is turning men to wakefulness tonight.
Whence came it? It was never won through flight.

Our tolerance: a quality or force?
Out of the heart, or something to endorse?
A tendency, or flowing from the source?

The dawn of letters was an older dawn,
But still the ancient light is coming on.
Our silhouette is not agreed upon,

And yet through Melville hangs a flag unfurled.
A "bold and nervous lofty language" hurled
His thunderbolts: "The pulpit leads the world."
A "man of globular brain and a ponderous heart,"
His strength in "Moby Dick" can still impart
The meaning and the fire suffused in art.

And art itself, indigenous as rain,
We stack like wheat across the central plain,
But grind to flour with mixed unprecious bane.

American genius—if the word elect
Shares anything of daring and effect—
Is genius of the skyborne architect,

For he alone has climbed the pure serene
And given plane and line the right to mean
Not building, terminal, but the godhead seen.

Music! If ever thrush was heard to sing,
America has grace-notes on her wing:
The wind through needles of the pine in spring.

X

It is not down on any map,
True places never are:
The little path turned through the gap,
The blue gate to the star;

The lake whose water draws the cloud,
The flyways running south;
The valley where wild bees are loud,
The secret river mouth,

Or anywhere that he might come
Or go to strike his song.
The hyla stopped, the cricket dumb,
With him so sudden-strong.

XI

Cities and science serve each other well;
Osmotic processes aloft and underground
Make cities scientific and a shrine
For labor on the enzyme in the lab.
Some cities science built, some not.
Boston is made of bricks and four per cent,
The law, good teaching, and the best museums;
Richmond of pride and culture and good living.
New York is science to the soaring height
Of towers and plumes reflecting down the world:
Compact of steel and tube and cable, rich
In all devices for unloading loads, but poor
In basement bargains on the hundredth floor.
The science-city can be ravishing, as instance
That lace of bridges round the hand-me-up
Of lovable San Francisco. Cities
Are broad and wide and braced
By science in prairie country—Fargo,
Topeka; Chicago on the lake, Milwaukee
On the bluff.
Perhaps all cities
are meanest just where science
Leaves them out: The filthy sprawl
That fronts the controlling river
And trails due west (the usual
Stride of growth) to the clean sheer sheen
Of hospital wall for soluble alcoholics.

American poet next but one,
Here the great web is spun
For terror, toil—and fun.

Granted his boundaries, he will have to solve
The city-country complex not of our
Loose day but his: The lines of force
That draw men in, repelling as they draw.
Proven his genius, he will have to walk
The long and antiseptic corridor of
Doors marked chlorophyll and nuclear,
Psychosomatics, cybernetics,
Antibiotics, semantics, and horse sense.
Proven his genius, he will have to speak
The thousand-jargoned languages of
Specialists who specialize the special.

American poet next but one:
Complexity to stun
Brave father, braver son!

XII

Over the grass his wind will soon be blowing,

(*Continued on page* 34)

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of LITERATURE
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The Expansion of Literacy

IT IS ONE of the interesting phenomena of the democratic process that as literacy contracts on the one front it expands on the other. In the days when education was the privilege of the few, there was a substratum of knowledge that could be taken for granted on the part of the cultured, and a sort of short-hand of allusion prevailed that was common currency among those who had any learning. Reference to ancient history, to the Bible, to the classics needed no annotation; a name, a quotation were sufficient to set a mood, or call up an image, or evoke a situation. The "gentleman" knew his Scripture and his classics, was read in history and poetry, had foreign phrases at his tongue's end, and had a fair idea of distant countries and civilizations. The writer, or speaker, addressing him stood in a relation to him almost like that of the specialist expounding a theory to his profession today who knows that he can skip preliminaries and proceed to the nub of his subject without introductory explanation. For he, too, was a man of information speaking to other men of information; all alike had drunk of the Pierian spring and had quaffed from it a common basis of culture. But as the democratic impulse spread, and education levelled down to the masses, it thinned out as it became more widely disseminated and culture, instead of becoming the perquisite of the many, remained the acquisition of the few who by it were sharply differentiated from the wide new public which was gaining literacy even though as yet it lacked background. Culture, indeed, is a flower of slow and gentle growth.

Despite shocking facts brought out by Army tests and college examinations literacy, by and large, is widespread in America, and education is making constantly increasing strides. Yet, inevitably, there are enormous unevenesses inherent in the educational status of a society which is continuously in flux and which is ever and anon casting up new elements from the bottom. And since the literate masses now vastly outnumber the cultured few, the latter have had to meet the situation by laying aside some of the adornments of their knowledge lest they speak to the closet instead of to the public.

That is one side of the shield. The obverse tells another story. For what has taken place concurrently with the democratization of literature is the amazing spread of factual and scientific knowledge among the people. The technological developments of recent years, the advances in pure and applied science, the phenomena of daily living—and dying—have become the stuff of universal consciousness. The book, journalism, the periodical press, the radio, and the movie, have brought within the ken of the multitude subjects which once were comprehensible only to the specialist. Though far from every schoolboy knows of Macaulay, every schoolboy knows something of the principles of physics, knows the mechanics of the radio and the auto, can follow a scientific description with understanding, and dwells familiarly with theories of space and time, even though they may still come to him only in fiction form. Well-nigh every child today lisps in numbers. Never was there an age—probably never was there a people—more awake to the wonders and implications of science than is the America of the present. Nor, of course, was there ever a period as now when all the ends of the earth are drawn together in the awareness of men everywhere. There is an enormous mass of information, political, social, military, economic that has become the commonplace of general knowledge where once mere vagueness or complete ignorance reigned.

WHAT is a culture, not as a philosophy but as a practical manifestation of democratic living? Not learning alone, or the love of knowledge, or "the study of perfection," as Matthew Arnold put it, but surely a compound of all these—of tradition and reverence for tradition, of curiosity and zeal, of awareness of the problems of the hour and consciousness of the obligation of the individual and the race to the world.

Something of all these America has, something more than mere glibness even if too little of old-world scholarship, something of eagerness, something of excitement. It is a mixture which by its very nature is constantly expanding, sending out steadily sturdy new shoots. It is busy in levelling education up today as once education was busy in levelling culture down. —A. L.

A Mulberry Tree

By Alfred Noyes

Many years ago, in our Isle of Wight garden, we planted a mulberry tree in remembrance of that other in Keats' garden in Hampstead. But these trees grow too slowly for one man's lifetime.

OUTLIVE me then, old tree.
You'll keep our secret well when I am gone.
How should you know what distant memory
Planted you here and, in your life, lives on.

Whatever fruit you bear,
Ripening to darkness while this age goes by,
Your roots are in a garden far from here,
A small sad plot, beneath a smoke-dimmed sky.

There stands the immortal tree,
Which, though men cut you down, shall never fail,
Remembering one young listener's ecstasy,
His darkness, and the undying nightingale.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In Answer to Blanshard

SIR: I must ask to be permitted to make use of your famed impartiality so that I may perhaps correct your readers' impressions of my religion. As a Roman Catholic, I feel it to be my duty to say a few words about Paul Blanshard's assertions [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 8].

He claims that all American Catholic children are forbidden to attend public schools without special permission from their bishops. I know that this precept (Canon 1374) is not followed as slavishly as he would have your readers believe. Catholic friends of mine have passed through all phases of non-Catholic education—from grammar school to college—without having special permission from any bishop. Catholic educators realize that all can't attend the desired school, either because of their non-existence or because of lack of funds, and allowance is made for their reasons. If every Catholic ran to his bishop in such a case, our bishops would have time for nothing else.

Mr. Blanshard refers to our condemnation of birth-control practices as "antiquated." He must know that Catholics are not the only people who follow these "antiquated statutes." If some people can see through the sexual pleasures and can know them for what they are—just a means towards an end—are these people to be considered old-fashioned? If a church realizes the true meaning of sex and condemns its abuse, is this church "antiquated"? I, and many others, think not.

I suppose that a person could write pages in a refutation of Mr. Blanshard's specious claims. But that is not my object. Paul Blanshard and *The Nation* have a consistent record for anti-Catholic bias. His and their writings are continually nauseating to people with a sense of decency. It has become the fashion to damn to the nadirs of Hades Catholicism, and among the less important personages belonging to this sect we find the name of Paul Blanshard, along with Durant, Russell, and *The Nation*. I say *less* important because not one of these would dare argue in a fair manner. They depend upon exaggeration, lies, and misrepresentation of facts to prove(?) their points. As an example, Mr. Blanshard says in his letter: "The refusal to print critical letters against Catholic policy is part of the necessary stock in trade of *all* Catholic journals." I wonder if he has read the *Brooklyn Tablet* lately? Another, more important, example: " . . . Roman Catholic Americans" (to be distinguished from *ordinary* Americans, I suppose) "have no right to challenge any major blunder by the Roman Curia . . . " What does he mean by blunder? Any Catholic, American or otherwise, can disregard anything the church says, and no earthly punishment can touch him, which is something the Russian people can not do. I defy him to name even one blunder in matters of faith or morals. It just has never been done.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"About this 'Liberty or Death' business, Mr. Henry. Isn't there some reasonable position in between?"

I want him to know that I pray for his return to sane argumentation.

JAMES PETER LARKIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Every now and then a devout Roman Catholic like Teresa S. Fitzpatrick [LETTERS, *SRL* July 14] is "puzzled by the Paul Blanshards who know more about the beliefs of the Catholic Church than we know ourselves." But the simple answer is that there are many non-Catholics who, through a study of the official documents and papal encyclicals, actually do know more of the political principles and practices of a Church which has taught most of its laymen a creed and an ethical system that only occasionally mentions political implications.

WILBUR L. CASWELL.

Patterson, Calif.

The Land Upstairs

SIR: As a Canadian I heartily agree with Professor Brebner, "In Search of a Canadian Accent" [*SRL* Sept. 1], when he says:

> It is to be hoped that (Canada) will not be frightened by the United States into any kind of nationalistic conformity, but will create freedom and richness for itself . . .

So hope we all. But perhaps the good professor has not sufficiently realized that this fact of the proximity of two common-language nations of similar background and interests was, undoubtedly, the greatest single motivating factor that brought the Royal Commission Report into existence.

Thinking Canadians everywhere are coming to deplore our easy acceptance of the complete, neatly-packaged culture so conveniently available, bearing the U. S. label, a product not of our own making, and one not ideally suited to the people of the "land upstairs."

This is not a "guilt-ridden" attitude as Professor Brebner terms it. It is the essential urge to create a new synthesis of basic national elements into a unique pattern, expressive of both the people and the country we live in. I would not suggest that all American mass media outlets be channelled in another direction or banned outright to the Canadian consumer. We feel, however, that when we turn to Canadian sources and consider the state of Canadian competition with their larger rivals to the south, we have something more in mind than mere fear of "intellectual and moral annexation."

MERLE J. KNIGHT.

Dunnville, Canada.

The Augustan Age

SIR: Geoffrey Bruun presents in his review of John Butt's "The Augustan Age" [*SRL* June 30] an altogether too typical distortion of the history of English poetry. If the work of Pope, Dryden, Gay, Johnson, *et al.*, is, in Mr. Butt's term, a "despised" theme, we can thank not the inherent weakness of Augustan poetry, but the romantic myopia of critics like Mr. Bruun. In perpetuating the condescending critical bigotry of Matthew Arnold's, "Dryden and Pope are classics of our prose," Mr. Bruun, and the legion of English teachers who help to inculcate the attitude that poetry is "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling" or nothing, are performing a great disservice to the reading public for poetry. I know of no statute nor even of any literate concensus of opinion which grants to Arnold, Wordsworth, or Mr. Bruun the right to assume that the final truth about the proper nature of poetry is

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known. What Mr. Bruun calls "the febrile mood"—he presumably refers to the emotional pitch—of the Augustan Age may have "envenomed the satire." It did not vitiate the poetry.

If the reader demands emotion, intense emotion, he need seek no farther than the poetry of Pope and Swift. I will freely admit with admirers of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge that the romantic outpouring produced great poetry, although the age of Anne and George I is not alone in the production of poetasters. But I must also insist that the rational control of powerful emotion, the poetic premise of Pope and his worthy contemporaries, also produced great poetry. Mr. Bruun's patronizing assumption that the Augustan Age is poetically—I trust that he is not also relegating Swift's prose to the dust heap—a "period of low tide between the Elizabethan flood and the storms of the Romantic revolt" is an outmoded dogma based on an unexamined stereotype. Let him come out from behind the bust of Wordsworth and read "The Dunciad" again.

BRUCE PARK.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: If Mr. Park had found fault with my review of "The Augustan Age," by John Butt, on the ground that I failed to do justice to the book I would welcome this chance to defend myself. But he seems to be concerned with issues outside the compass of a short book review—with the "proper nature of poetry" and the standards (false standards, he implies) that have tempted critics to rate the poetry of the Augustan Age below that of the Elizabethans and the romanticists. He is correct when he assumes that I share this prevailing opinion and I am sorry that he is displeased. Yet is it not possible he may be mistaken in thinking that I and millions of other readers have let the critics decide for us which poems move us and which do not? My own feelings for various English poets were formed before I read literary criticism and I did not realize I was at one with Wordsworth and Arnold in my judgments until Mr. Park bracketed us together. It is comforting in a discussion to have such authorities to fall back on and I thank him for supplying them. Perhaps more people will be inspired to re-read "The Dunciad" after seeing what Pope has done for Mr. Park's epistolary style.

GEOFFREY BRUUN.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Boundaries of Israel

SIR: In Bartley Crum's interesting review of "My Mission in Israel" [*SRL* Aug. 25] he questions Dr. McDonald's judgment that "responsible opinion is firmly in control in Israel, and has accepted the present boundaries of the State as the basis for final settlement with its neighbors."

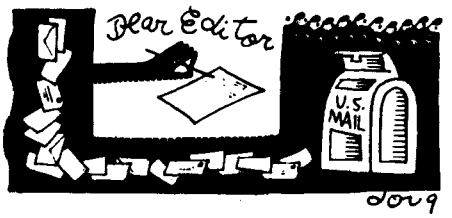
I am sure that when formulating his entirely accurate conclusion on the outlook of the Government of Israel, Dr. McDonald must have had in mind the fact that at the Lausanne Conference, held in 1949 under the auspices of the Palestine Conciliation Commission, the representatives of the Government of Israel made it clear that Israel regards its present armistice boundaries with the Arab States as the basis for a final settlement, and has no territorial claims to make against its neighbors. This attitude was in sharp contrast with that of the Arab countries at Lausanne, which presented territorial claims which would have reduced Israel's territory to the point of virtual non-existence.

AVRAHAM HARMAN,
Israel Office of Information.

New York, N. Y.

Addenda

SIR: In my article on journalism ["Nine-Tenths Drudgery, One-Tenth Pure Rapture," *SRL* Aug. 11] I paid tribute to my first city editor, Frank



E. Landau. By a sad coincidence, I learned subsequently that he died barely a few days before my piece appeared. I am deeply sorry he could not have lived to read my sincerely meant words about him.

I would like to add too that since my article went to press Roscoe Drummond is back on *The Christian Science Monitor* after serving so ably as ECA information chief in Europe.

THURSTON MACAULEY.

London, England.

SIR: Since reviewing Thomas Mann's "The Holy Sinner" [*SRL* Sept. 8] I have come across a brilliant literary study by Erich Auerbach called "Mimesis," which I understand is being translated from the German by Gilbert Highet for Yale University Press. Published in 1946, this study contains dialogue from a twelfth-century French Christmas play "Mystère d'Adam," and of interest to Mann readers is the fact that these very same lines also make an appearance in "The Holy Sinner." The Auerbach study treats the representation of reality in Occidental and Western literature with emphasis on the writer's use of a narrator in relation to the characters, the techniques of colloquialism, irony, farce, historical detail, and myth to create a kind of expressionistic reality. Mann's latest novel is a superb demonstration of these techniques. It is entirely possible to suppose, without in any way detracting from Mann's extraordinary ability to improvise, that some use was made of this study, well-known abroad. If this is the case, it might have been chivalrous of Mann to make mention of Auerbach in the acknowledgment where he calls attention to the medieval German poet Hartmann von Aue, who—alas—unlike Auerbach, is no longer able to express his gratitude for the reference.

SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

Long Island City, N. Y.

Good News

▸ "It is always a great pleasure to present good news. And here is really good news concerning refugees. Twenty-four states have adopted, and thirteen have already signed, a Convention on the Status of Refugees, which marks a real step forward in the field of international law concerning those who left their country for reasons of persecution or fear of persecution. May many states ratify this new instrument and thereby contribute to the realization of a better legal status for those who lost their fatherland!"

(signed) G. J. VAN HEUVEN GOEDHART,
United States High Commissioner for Refugees.

▸ Fifty war veterans in wheel chairs have formed their own corporation in Chicago to produce electronic devices for the fighting forces. "We're going to be our own bosses and our own employees," said Nils S. Josefson, president of the Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, Inc. "And we'll be lending a hand in this new war." The veterans have financed virtually the entire project themselves. Their letterhead carries the slogan: "Not Sympathy But Opportunity."

▸ The U. N. International Children's Emergency Fund and the World Health Organization announced the completion of the first worldwide campaign to bring tuberculosis under control on five continents. Thirty-seven million children and young adults were tested and of that total nearly seventeen million were vaccinated against tuberculosis in twenty-two countries.

▸ A new school of the air has been opened for the benefit of lonely children in the Northern Territory of Australia. With its base at Alice Springs, the new school enables children, some of whom live hundreds of miles away, to ask their teacher questions and to receive an immediate answer. Both pupil and teacher use radios operated with power generated by a pedal arrangement, like a bicycle. Some one hundred and twenty-five such radios are now linked with the school's base.

▸ A new institution, to be known as the Albert M. Greenfield Center for Human Relations, and designed to afford service to communities confronted with racial and religious conflicts, has been established at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. The center will conduct research activities, train students in intergroup problems, serve the community in meeting situations growing out of group conflict, and test existing methods for meeting these problems.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

agrees to help Lisa Vale Firth, Fabia's mother, rid the girl of her unhealthy attachment for him. Also involved in the benign plot are Renée Beauchamp, Lisa's understanding friend, and Dr. Jaquith, the psychiatrist, who appears only as a telephoned consultant.

The conspiracy works. Fabia's eventual disenchantment drives her to enlist as an Army nurse immediately after Pearl Harbor. At a medical unit in an English cathedral town she accidentally encounters her former fiancé, Dr. Dan Regan, whose professional and physical resemblance to Oliver had precipitated the second romance, and who helps complete the cure in his own stalwart fashion.

Mrs. Prouty's insight into a sensitive girl's emotional problems is psychologically sound, but her solution of Fabia's dilemma is too pat to be entirely credible. Much of the plot is revealed in patches of long-winded dialogue—"let's sit down and talk it over," the characters seem to say—and they do at great length. The result is a rather old-fashioned, conventional novel. —Ray Pierre.

THE TWIN COUSINS. By Oriana Atkinson. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. If Kinsey and khaki are too much with you in your current fiction reading, Mrs. Atkinson's delightful new novel will come as welcome relief. Exuberant and picturesque, it derives from Catskill legend in the days after the Revolution when the great Susquehanna Turnpike was being hewed out of the wilderness. It sparkles with freshness and achieves a quality of folk-yarning as authentic and amusing as Irving.

Luther Ware, cockily bobbing his golden earring from his left ear, is a young Connecticut Yankee, prospecting the Catskill country for a new peddling route. His trading instincts get a rude jolt almost as soon as he leaves the parental roof. First of all he acquires a wife just three hours out on the road, and a short while later he is swindled out of a horse by a renegade parson who is a man of Connecticut before he is a man of God.

Luther's wife is Content Bell, daughter of an itinerant preacher and paragon of purity. Content is shyer than a violet and as pious as an old sinner breathing his last. Until she wraps her arms childlike around Luther's middle as they ride the back country together on his wheezy horse, she has lived in spotless boredom. Poor and lonely, motherless, never owning either a doll or a new dress, Content is as ready for change as the hills in April. But the changes are not at all what she expects.

In the first place, the physical relationship of man and wife is a thundering revelation to her. Secondly, her house burns down. Third, her husband decides to set up a tavern with his "twin" cousin, Little Pot. Fourth, Luther develops a roving eye as full of burning agility as a panther's, and Little Pot's ardent Dutch wife and the local minister's strange spouse, Zilda, are determined to keep it exercised.

There is tragedy in "The Twin Cousins," but it is the kind of paradoxical pathos necessary to folk-tale diversion; you would, in fact, be unhappy without the touch of tears. Mrs. Atkinson manages her melancholy amid a general air of mirth and well-being. She creates a whole world of Breughel-like bustle. Her characters flash with color, and her prose is a cidery flowing of sweetness and tang. You'll leave Content contented in more ways than one.

—Charles Lee.

SHADOWS MOVE AMONG THEM. By Edgar Mittelhölzer. Lippincott. $3. Mr. Mittelhölzer's highly unmoral fable concerns the regeneration of one Gregory Hawke. Veteran of the Spanish Civil War, highly overcultivated, neurotically obsessed by the demands, conflicts, and competitions of modern civilization, Gregory is seeking a rest cure in the tropical village administered by his missionary uncle, Gerald Harmston, a reverend gentleman with eccentric ideas of morality and discipline. Remote from civilization, the family of the Reverend Harmston is, intellectually and sexually, as uninhibited a group as any novelist has ever happily invented. They are also fortunately extremely articulate — a fact which permits Mr. Mittelhölzer some witty thrusts at the manners and morals of modern society. Their refreshing impact upon the world-weary Gregory is the burden — if so heavy a word can be used — of Mr. Mittelhölzer's entertainment. It is in the character of Olivia, precocious thirteen-year-old daughter of the Reverend Harmston, that the author achieves his most engaging flights of fancy. Certainly recent fiction, which has been so crowded with thwarted youngsters sunk in the quicksands of neurosis, has had sad need of this sprightly miss, with her cheerful morbidity and flair for the preposterously dramatic.

Along with enchanting characters, brilliant dialogue, and a pleasingly mad slant on society, Mr. Mittelhölzer has provided a surprisingly tender love story. In all, his book is as unexpectedly delightful a confection as is likely to come along for some time.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

—*Bernard Cole.*

Lonnie Coleman—"astute observation."

THE SOUND OF SPANISH VOICES. By Lonnie Coleman. Dutton. $3. Roger Haynes is a young Army veteran and novelist. The poor sales of his first book, at variance with this country's high living costs, prompt him to go abroad to work on his planned war novel; also, Roger has been jilted by a beautiful strong-willed girl whose lover he was. He goes to stay in a *pension* in the capital of a small Central American republic, and promptly falls in love with one of the servants, an Indian of some education and remarkable intellectual faculties. Though his love does not remain unrequited, Roger's romance comes to an end when the girl finds her allegiance to the cause of the downtrodden masses outstripping her feelings for the nice *americano del norte.*

Roger's sympathy for the natives' plight, which is inextricably mixed up with his love, is yet perfectly credible —on the strength, that is, of what the author tells us about his hero. Of the natives, however, Rogers sees about as much as he does of the country—namely, next to nothing. Whenever he isn't listening to his two native friends and their information, he is shown in the company of a silly Middlewestern nymphomaniac, or of his wicked landlady, or of an aging magazine story writer whose simple-mindedness is apparently intended to throw Roger's own subtlety into relief. Still, this is a well-meaning book, neatly written, giving its due to "symbolism," and now and then actually lit up by a piece of astute observation, a good bit of repartee, or a deftly constructed little scene. —Robert Pick.

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Seeing Things

AGREEABLE GRUMBLINGS IN THE WINGS

READING Al Hirschfeld's text and poring over his drawings in "Show Business Is No Business"* is an uproariously disenchanting experience. It is enough to make anyone laugh who has had the remotest contact with that odd world which lies behind the Asbestos Curtain. It is also enough to make some of us, who dress up our prose in canonicals in order to hymn the glories of the theatre as an Art, wonder how we ever deluded ourselves, or were deluded, into getting quite that way.

Mr. Hirschfeld's is the most hilariously unhoodwinked exposure of the Broadway stage as it is in practice rather than in theory that has appeared in many a solemn season. Its acid quality is perfectly caught by Russel Crouse in his introduction when he confesses, "If I had read 'Show Business Is No Business' before I plunged like a mad thing into the theatre back in the Polk Administration, I probably would have taken up covered-wagon repair work and would today be a happy mechanic instead of neurology's pet."

Years ago Heywood Broun insisted that Professor George Pierce Baker deserved the thanks of the community not only for the successful dramatists who had studied under him, such as Eugene O'Neill, Philip Barry, etc., but also for the cures effected in his courses; in other words, for the number of excellent young men who, though they had come to Professor Baker convinced they presented a threat to Shakespeare, went "straight from his classroom to Wall Street and the ministry and automobile accessories with all the nascent enthusiasm of men just liberated from a great delusion."

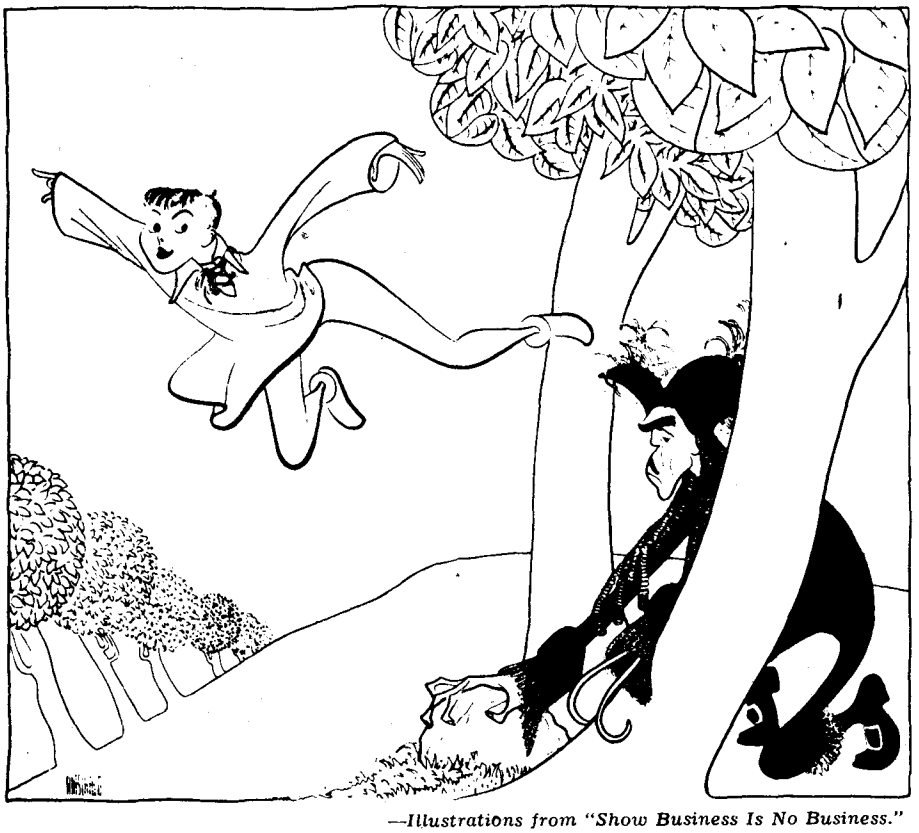
How many Mazda-eyed aspirants from the country's drama schools, how many regular diners at Walgreen's in Times Square, how many check-signers at Sardi's, or how many angels eager to face the risk of having their wings clipped will be "cured" by Mr. Hirschfeld's "Dunciad," I do not know. None probably; certainly none for any length of time. But it is hard to see how any follower of the New York theatre could fail to be entertained by "Show Business Is No Business." Entertained for many good reasons, too, not least among which is that it tells the truth, and the truth, as Shaw knew, always seems as if it must be a joke to those unwilling to face it.

*SHOW BUSINESS IS NO BUSINESS. By Al Hirschfeld. New York: Simon & Schuster. 141 pp. $2.95.

The late George Apley (Leo Carroll).

MR. HIRSCHFELD is, of course, the artist whose diverting caricatures have these many years brightened the drama sections of New York newspapers, especially the Sunday *Times*. He is a lion who is bearded. His is a dense beard, somewhat snow-streaked just now, above which his black eyes still peer (in Mr. Crouse's phrase) like a small boy staring over a well-tended hedge. The gentleness of Mr. Hirschfeld's eyes is misleading. Kindly as they seem, they are the eyes of a satirist. This means that they not only see but see through, and hence explains their twinkle. The amusement world amuses Mr. Hirschfeld in unintended ways. Based as it is on pretense (for which the glamorous and surrendering words are magic, illusion, and make-believe), it is not without its other shams. Mr. Hirschfeld is taken in by none of these.

He knows, as we all do, that the theatre is a heightened universe which, even to seem true, has to be untrue in its simplifications if not its enlargements. He also shares the common realization that the pleasures and excitements of the stage depend on personalities more colorful, strident, or bizarre than would be endurable in daily living. This knowledge is of greater importance to him as a carica-



—*Illustrations from "Show Business Is No Business."*

Peter Pan (Jean Arthur) takes to the air to escape Captain Hook (Boris Karloff).

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evgs. at 8:25. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:25

R & H

Presented in association with
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PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
ROGER RICO
MARTHA WRIGHT
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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ALAN HEWITT
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
Air-Cond. IMPERIAL, 241 W. 45th St.
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

turist than it is to the re
essential to his drawings
by him, it is a source of
and a proof of their sk

Anyone at all acquai
Hirschfeld's sketches is
uncanny gift for captur
woman, or performance
dominant quality Ben J
have described as "a
pounces upon these pe
personality and appear
a new emphasis to what
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to get at the core of a ch
likenesses may elude hin
does get he gets amazin
at essences instantly con
morselessly observed. He
others as they prefer to se
or as we saw them befo
them. Yet such is his gift t
has committed his subjects
we are apt to see them there
his terms.

Towards the back of "Show
ness Is No Business" Mr. Hirschf
has thoughtfully included a random se
lection of some of his newspaper drawings of Broadway stars and hits. Considering the thousands of sketches at his disposal, the choosing could not have been easy. The only trouble I can find with the choice is that it leaves me wanting more.

No Hirschfeld devotee can be surprised at the virtuosity with which he catches all that is Broadway bright in Ethel Merman's Annie Oakley; all that is fearsome in Boris Karloff's Cap-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 432

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 432 will be found in the next issue.

OJGZ LZJTE SFXUTLX VM

ML SGEW GM LXT'M LOX

JTGEZ! OJGZ BGVKTE ML

VXTPLEGHKT GM LXT'M

MTKA! — JGOZJLEXT.

Answer to Crypt No. 431

Good fellowship is common, but unchanging affection is not.
—Clarence Day.

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Hull, one of the many Jeeter Lesters in the highly successful "Tobacco Road."

Hook; all that is casual in José Ferrer in "The Silver Whistle"; self-haunted in Orson Welles's Brutus; stuffy in Leo G. Carroll's Apley in "The Late George Apley"; or dirt-encrusted in Henry Hull's Jeeter in "Tobacco Road." Neither can a Hirschfeld admirer be surprised at the surety and ingenuity of his compositions when handling groups. Or at his astonishing flair for suggesting action in terms of lines that seem to move. I mean his ability to recreate a Peter Pan who is really flying; to preserve the frenzied capering of the Mack Sennett Bathing Girl and Keystone Cop Ballet in "High Button Shoes"; or to draw a Ray Bolger who still dances on paper with the same bounce and agility with which he cavorted through "Where's Charley?"

These merits of Mr. Hirschfeld's craftsmanship are among the delights of "Show Business Is No Business." But, as I have said, they are not among its surprises. Chief among these is the fact that Mr. Hirschfeld writes in tough, Broadwayese terms as well as he draws. Apparently he does this with the same ease and certainly with the same clarity and precision.

His prose approach to the Broadway theatre is about as Christmasy as was the spirit of those Chas. Addams characters who poured molten lead down upon the carolers who were serenading them. Mr. Hirschfeld is jubilantly scalding in the comments he has to make on the New York managers, the absurd building code for Manhattan's playhouses, New York producers, playwrights, directors, agents, scenic designers, auditions, rehearsals, out-of-town openings, and first nights. His contempt, phrased as it may be in the language of the professional funny man, is sometimes almost factual in its accuracy and never beyond the realm of recognizable truth.

It is perhaps wisest to let him speak for himself. "The Broadway theatre," says he, "is a real-estate development in Art. The owners of the theatres and the producers of the shows that fill them have nothing in common except a lease." According to the present building code, no offices, apartments, or other income-producing rooms may be constructed over a theatre. Mr. Hirschfeld's comment on this is, "It is difficult to understand the wisdom of a law which allows restaurants with their own fire-making equipment—such as gas stoves, open hearth fires, grills, rotisseries, blazing shashlik, and flaming crêpes Suzettes—to carry on their business in a crowded office building while a fireproof building constructed over a fireproof theatre is condemned as a fire trap. It seems unreasonable to assume that an unprotected filing clerk, barbecued in his office over a flaming Chinese restaurant, prefers this type of cookery to being fried in his office over a blazing theatre. Yet these are the facts restricting the construction of new theatres. Office buildings are allowed to be burned only by restaurants, not theatres."

Mr. Hirschfeld is no more gentle on the subject of producers. "To be a producer," he contends, "you need only to say, 'I am a producer.' To be a 'well-known' producer it is necessary to get this statement printed as many times as possible in the Broadway columns. To be an 'established' producer you will have to produce a play. To be a 'great' or 'famous' producer you will have to produce a successful play."

When it comes to dramatists, Mr. Hirschfeld, with drawings to prove his

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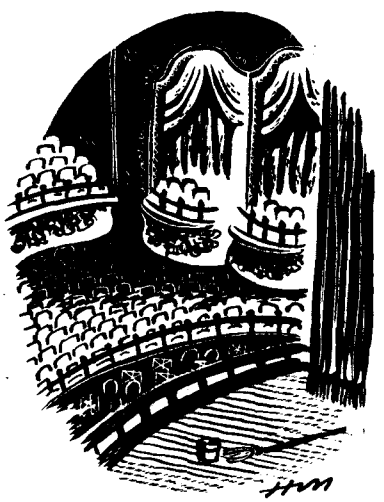
points, insists that Hollywood playwrights live in Bucks County; that most proletarian playwrights live in penthouses; that comedy playwrights live in brownstones; that Smart Set playwrights live in furnished rooms; and that "all other playwrights live in Connecticut or High Tor, except Saroyan, who lives on Fifteenth Avenue in San Francisco."

So far as successful directors are concerned, Mr. Hirschfeld feels it is necessary for them to wear a "Reinhardt cape" at all rehearsals. "This cape," he adds, "is an ordinary overcoat thrown loosely over the shoulders, with the empty sleeves left dangling. (The cape derives its name from the late German director who gave everyone his first chance in the theatre, with the notable exception of Stanislavsky, who gave everyone his first chance in the theatre.)"

On the subject of New York first nights which follow the horror of out-of-town try-outs, Mr. Hirschfeld is equally withering. "Most important openings take place during the winter and spring," he points out, "because of the blizzards and rain common during these seasons in New York. Opening-night weather is so calculated that the first-nighter, in his frantic search for an empty taxi, will, in most cases, arrive late for the performance."

And so on and on, with one jab following another until the words of Irving Berlin's song finally get so pushed around that they form the title of Mr. Hirschfeld's entertaining diatribe. Does Mr. Hirschfeld's book mean that he hates the theatre and is through with it? Not at all. It means merely that his affection for it has not blinded him. No doubt, at this very minute he is in some darkened auditorium on the road, devoting all the best of his commendable talents to making a fine caricature of what he loves—but snarls at—for some future Sunday page of *The New York Times*.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



In Criticism of Decadence

THE MASTER OF SANTIAGO AND FOUR OTHER PLAYS. By Henry de Montherlant. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 340 pp. $3.95.

By HENRI PEYRE

THE FRENCH stage has enjoyed an extraordinary flourishing in the last ten years. Authors who in other times had been or would have been poets, like Anouilh, essayists like Gabriel Marcel, novelists or story tellers like Mauriac and Marcel Aymé, triumphed on the stage. Literary plays were acclaimed in commercial theatres. Posterity may well decide that Giraudoux, Montherlant, Sartre, Camus were primarily dramatists and that this last decade is one of the greatest ever lived by the French stage.

It is unlikely that Montherlant's plays will ever be performed on Broadway. The long run that two of them at least enjoyed in Paris surprised many Parisians. For those plays allow no concession to our fondest prejudices. They deride with haughty sarcasm not only the materialistic values of money and success, but also the religious delusions, the democratic consolations, the effeminacy of the modern world. The author is contemptuous of the decadence of his country and, indeed, of all our modern civilization. The theatre served him well because he could set his proud and lonely heroes in Renaissance Italy, in sixteenth century Portugal and Spain. And, while his personality is ever present in these dramas and occasionally obtrudes in the long speeches of his disillusioned and cruel moralists, Monsieur de Soi-Même de Montherlant, as he has been called, succeeds in keeping his inflated ego in the background.

Five plays are here excellently translated by Jonathan Griffin and presented in an intelligent though perhaps too uncritical preface.

Repeatedly, Montherlant has seemed to make approaches to Catholicism. But he also uttered some insults for orthodoxy and scorn for the Christian ethics of slaves which Nietzsche, one of his masters along with Renan and, alas! D'Annunzio, had already stigmatized. And the Church was wary in her praise of that lost sheep who wants to pass for a solitary lion. He has been aptly compared to Petronius in "Quo Vadis," a novel which he admired in his youth. He has also something of Nero in him, and may one day echo the famous "Qualis artifex pereo!"

The least good of these five plays are, as might be expected, those which are laid in a modern setting: "No Man's Son" and especially "Tomorrow the Dawn" which failed conspicuously on the Paris stage. Montherlant is ill at ease in the bourgeois contemporary world. He sensed the tragedy of the years of occupation and the anguish of father and son divided by the Resistance, and by opposite conceptions of duty and of man. But those themes are talked about rather than dramatized.

"Malatesta" centers around an Italian condottiere at odds with Pope Paul II. It has brilliant scenes of caricature of literary men bursting with their vanity and cowardice. The protagonist is almost too rich and engrossing a character and his portrayal constitutes the whole drama.

"The Masters of Santiago" and, even more, "Queen After Death" are remarkable tragedies, with a gift for sparse dialogue, pregnant language, forceful imagery, and irony which stands unequalled today in France. Montherlant is, indeed, a well nigh infallible writer of French prose, and one of the very few who never descend to coarseness or profanity. He seeks greatness, proclaims it without fear of ridicule; and he forces one to confess that he reaches it.

In "Queen After Death," a king of Portugal, sick of power, contemptuous of his entourage, confides to his son's wife, feels sympathy for her sincerity and simplicity, then, after some moving exchange of words, has her put to death. The Master of Santiago is a Spanish nobleman who retired from the world in middle life, with a passion for *nada*, nothing. He has no place in a world where the stupid and the ignoble are victorious, where honor and generosity are trampled upon.

The author considers that he has, in that play, tapped his Christian vein, which he delights in having alternate with his pagan and godless one. It is the Christianity of detachment from worldly values, but certainly not that of humility nor of charity. Montherlant is a Jansenist, a Renaissance Spaniard, a Roman of Nero's days, certainly an exasperating egocentric born out of his due time, an original moralist and a great artist, who deserves to be better known in this country. This beautifully produced book is also a timely one.

Henri Peyre is professor of French at Yale University. His books include "Writers and Their Critics."

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All About Drama

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE. Edited by Phyllis Hartnoll. New York: Oxford University Press. 888 *pp.* $8.

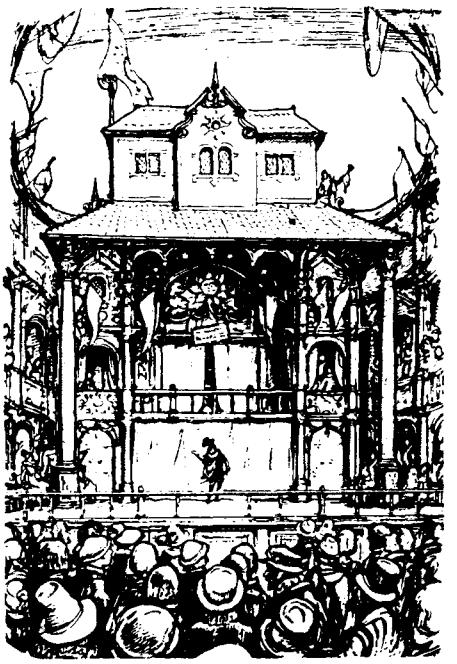
By Russell Rhodes

TRAILING a segment of theatre history has, up to now, taxed the patience of researchers who approach their assignments with priestlike devotion and but grudgingly rewarded even the more joyous wielders of butterfly nets and microscopes who revel in the chase. For the prize is a will-o'-the-wisp coquette with a Mae West wink, dodging through a forest of faded playbills, old prints, volumes of dramatic criticism, textbooks, and miscellaneous bibliography. Thanks to Phyllis Hartnoll, an editor whose scholarship is matched by the zeal and attention to detail with which she has accomplished her stupendous task, "The Oxford Companion to the Theatre" shares a loving cup of heady brew amongst the ardent playgoer, the casual browser, and the specialist.

This "good companion" in the celebrated Oxford company of similarly delightful works in literature and music is the first comprehensive, encyclopedic treatment of theatre in all countries and periods to which more than fifty authorities, of whom fifteen are Americans, have contributed. Miss Hartnoll's emphasis throughout has been on the popular rather than the literary theatre. "The Companion" is "meant for those who would rather see a play than read it." The range sweeps from a paragraph note on an obscure Norwegian philologist or a definition of "act-drop" to biographies of actors and lengthier discussion of make-up, lighting, costumes, stage design, architecture. The classical backgrounds of Rome and Greece are treated, and double-column articles of twelve pages or more telescope the theatre history of England, Scotland and Ireland, the United States, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, Spain, Russia, South America, and the Far East.

All the important theatres of London and New York, past and present, are given brief notices, together with their principal plays and players. Opera and ballet are highlighted as related arts, as is also incidental theatre music; circus, burlesque, music hall, and vaudeville are here; motion pictures are properly ignored.

He will be a grim-visaged reference-seeker, indeed, who can resist the merry dance that is at once the fun and distraction of the browser in this "Companion," beckoning him up and down many a hill and dale. For instance, from the piece on "Clown," you cannot avoid Grimaldi or Grock or pausing to relish vivid descriptions of their acts; this leads you to "Cochran, Sir Charles Blake," on to Richard Mansfield, with whom he began, and thence to the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and Gilbert and Sullivan. Meanwhile, "Gillette, William"



—*From "Shakespeare and the Players."*

catches your eye, Goethe, Goldoni, Goldsmith, and Gorky. "Goset"? See Jewish Drama, it says; that puts you next to "Jesuit," right beneath "Jester" (see "Clown" and "Fool") and you're then full circle.

Brooks Atkinson, Alex Woollcott and Bob Benchley, Sarah Bernhardt, the Booths, Barrymores, Boucicault and Lord Byron, Noel Coward, Mrs. Fiske and Lillie Langtry, Hazlitt, Macready and Maxwell Anderson, Eugene O'Neill, Charles Lamb, Shakespeare and Shaw and everything that transforms a barren stage into theatre are travelers in the cart of Thespis.

"The Oxford Companion to the Theatre" will lead you on many random paths but always with pleasure and information, for every page returns to the reader enjoyment of theatre in its many forms that the several authors reflect.

Russell Rhodes is general entertainment editor of the New York Journal of Commerce.

Drama Book Notes

ELIZABETHAN ACTING. By B. L. Joseph. Oxford University Press. $3.50. An accurate impression of the style of acting of another age is the despair of the dramatic historian. What makes Professor Joseph's "Elizabethan Acting" a useful addition to studies of the acting of Shakespeare's day is that it concentrates on a relatively unexplored body of evidence—contemporary writings on rhetoric, which frequently make comparisons between the actor and orator. On the basis of this illuminating material, Professor Joseph visualizes Elizabethan acting as essentially non-realistic and rhetorical, and conceives of the art of the Elizabethan actor as one of giving vividness and thus popular appeal to poetry. These conclusions provide support for discussions of Elizabethan dramatic conventions and methods of characterization, for occasional comments on modern acting of Shakespeare, and for reflections on the grounds of criticism in Elizabethan drama.

Altogether this is a valuable book. If it fails to re-create the very form and pressure of a Shakespearean performance, that is in part because it concentrates on only one type of evidence and is therefore one-sided, but also because even the most comprehensive and imaginative use of all the data must necessarily fall short of that ideal. A modern illustration may serve to show how remote the historical reconstruction of an earlier acting style can be from the original: to one who never saw Sarah Bernhardt no amount of contemporary description and analysis of her acting can be adequate preparation for the experience of seeing her film portrayal of Queen Elizabeth. —M. E. Prior.

PAGEANTRY ON THE SHAKESPEAREAN STAGE. By Alice S. Venezky. Twayne. $3.50. Although in his categorical analysis of Greek drama Aristotle lists spectacle as the element least necessary artistically speaking, most theatre audiences have taken a much different view. As a matter of theatre history, the "angels" who were state-compelled to finance Greek plays at annual festivals did not dare to be stingy with their obols as far as costuming and spectacle staging was concerned lest the audience retaliate with drama of another kind. That the Elizabethan spectator entertained similar sentiments may be gathered from Alice S. Venezky's scholarly study "Pageantry on the Shakespearean Stage." Miss Venezky, teacher at Hun-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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SRL Goes to the Movies

M-G-M SCORES TWO HITS

IF STEPHEN CRANE'S "The Red Badge of Courage" is considered a classic of American nineteenth-century literature, John Huston's adaptation of it for the screen may well become a classic of American twentieth-century film making. Adhering to Crane's characters, his structure, and his theme, Huston has discovered for all time how to make a printed page come alive on the screen. The Civil War is fought again, not as romanticized in some quasi-historical novels or as "interpreted" in others, but as Stephen Crane had researched it and felt it and reported it. For a man like Huston, whose deep-grained anti-war sentiments were vigorously expressed in his unforgettable "San Pietro," the desire to editorialize, to protest must have been great. But Crane, writing before the times of disillusionment and despair, saw war as "a mere question of getting over an unpleasant matter as quickly as possible"; its virtue, the quick sure proof of manhood. And Huston, who has long admired and planned to film this work, resisted the temptation to tamper. "The Red Badge of Courage" remains Crane's story, recast but unchanged. Students of the film could well compare the script with Crane's text to discover how this was done.

They will find that much comes directly from the book. All the words of the spoken commentary—as the narrator himself tells us—are from the novel. The dialogue, too, much of it, comes either directly from Crane or is transformed only slightly to meet aural demands. At other times, a mere descriptive sentence—"Farther up the line a man, standing behind a tree, had had his knee joint splintered by a ball"—is visualized into a tight, dramatic scene. There are minor transpositions both of incident and dialogue, some truncations of an already brief work. But each moment adds, each shot increases the pressure. Only twice is there any relaxing, and each time it is just before battle. It is the fibre of this picture that will interest film students—and conceivably film makers as well. Crane achieved his through vivid, vigorous prose. Huston's comes from sharp, direct photography and a keen psychological perception not only into the nature of his characters, but into the emotional requirements of his audience as well.

Essentially, "The Red Badge of Courage" is not about war at all. It is about a boy, unsure of himself as he approaches a great crisis, worried lest he prove less a man than his companions. In his first trial he panics and bolts. Only later, given a second chance, does he discover the courage that comes from knowing that others are no braver than he—nor less cowardly. The crisis that Crane presented his Youth was an early battle in the Civil War. It might as well have been an accident at sea or any similar disaster demanding more than ordinary moral effort. But Crane's brilliant documenting of combat turned his book into one of the most successful war stories of all time. No less can be said of Huston's picture.

His "San Pietro" is recalled again as we watch the set, hopeful mien of young men going into combat and their dazed, sweat-stained faces as the tide of battle recedes. Huston's own war-time memories must have been drawn upon for many sequences, as the grumbling troops on the march. But it is Huston's own sure instincts as a film maker that designed the Youth's mad, headlong dash into the woods, away from the battlefront. The camera slides along beside him as he runs, trips, falls, and careens off again, losing him from view completely in the thicket. And only his sheer, reckless genius as a director could allow him to give rein to the big scene of Jim Conklin's weird and mystical death. All stops are pulled out here, yet a scene that verges on the melodramatic emerges majestic and true. There are other things too—the camera held stationary with the Northern troops, bracing with them to receive the Rebel charge; the camera moving forward, accelerating with the Northern attack through the hayfields; the poetry-charged moment when the Youth takes the battle flag from the fallen Confederate standard-bearer. But these one might expect from any first-rate director. It is in the cumulative effect of these details that Huston exhibits his mastery.

Aiding him, working with him each step of the way, is a superb, hand-picked cast. Audie Murphy as the Youth is sensitive, almost womanish, in his responses, wonderfully conveying in the end the dead, somnambulistic feel of a man in combat. No less excellent is cartoonist Bill Mauldin as his friend, the boisterous Loud Soldier. While John Dierkes, with the rangy, rugged face of an American frontiersman, is completely right as Jim Conklin. Only Douglas Dick gives the impression of play acting. Harold Rosson's clear, sharp-focus photography, covering the full range from pure white to rich, deep blacks, makes one regret that Technicolor was ever invented. And Bronislau Kaper's music, as often as not, is as effective in conveying the emotions of the characters as the lines narrated from Crane's text. The use of quotations may, in fact, have been a little overdone. But make no mistake: John Huston has made a

Bill Mauldin and Audie Murphy—"young men going into combat."

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film. To M-G-M goes the distinction of having produced it.

Also from M-G-M comes a superior mystery drama, "The People Against O'Hara." Starting with a stark, dark scene of a brutal shooting in a New York side-street, the film proceeds to throw its lines over an ever-widening group of people. Evidence points strongly to young O'Hara, unable to provide an alibi without involving the wife of his gangster-like employer. The District Attorney, himself not above gangster tactics, is willing just to let things stand. But Jim Curtayne, O'Hara's defense lawyer, believes in the boy's innocence and sets out to discover the real murderer. The cross-currents of his search, the multiplicity of characters he becomes involved with, and the tense handling of the final sequence when lawyer and police join forces to trap the real criminal make for high melodrama. The lawyer's responsibility to his client, the ethics of his profession are neatly stressed throughout. And although there is a strange sub-theme built around Curtayne's chronic alcoholism, an alcoholism induced by caring too much for his client's welfare, it adds just a bit of character interest to what might otherwise have been for Spencer Tracy a fairly routine role. John Hodiak as the cynical D.A., Pat O'Brien, Eduardo Ciannelli, and Jay C. Flippen are also helpful. Yet despite a large and expensive cast, M-G-M has had the good sense to keep the settings impoverished and cramped in keeping with the milieu—a gigantic piece of self-denial on their part. The results are worth it. The film tingles with the excitement of the unexpected taking place amidst the familiar.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

The Red Badge of Courage: Reviewed in this issue.

Los Olvidados (The Forgotten Ones): Incidents uncovered and vouched for by Mexican penal and educational authorities. An angry film—not for the sensitive stomach, but important. (*SRL* Sept. 15.)

The Medium: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find" Anna Maria Alberghetti. (*SRL* Sept. 8.)

A Place in the Sun: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remolded for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (*SRL* Sept. 1.)

The Well: A screenplay about a little colored girl who falls into an abandoned well, told with excitement, dignity, and common sense. (*SRL* Sept. 22.)

TV and Radio

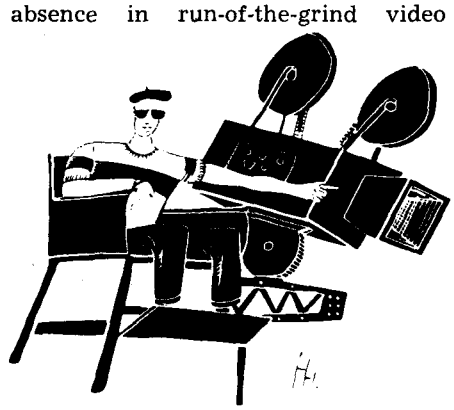
TIME STUMBLES ALONG

TIME INC. continues bullish on TV. Its first television adventures, the series "Crusade in Europe" and "Crusade in the Pacific," were expert reshuffles of film morgue material. The "March of Time in Review" series boiled down old movie features and threw in cogent "Where are we now?" commentary. The weekly news magazine paced its sponsorship of the Senate Crime Committee hearings with able analyses by staff correspondents. Now, against the background of the San Francisco signing of the Japanese peace treaty, the editors of *Time* have quit testing the documentary formula and plunged in deep. The result, a one-hour documentary, "Your Stake in Japan," designed, according to Max Ways, *Time* international affairs editor and managing editor of the program, "to tell people what is really going on and give them as good an idea as possible of what may happen next," was an impressive attempt that fell flat.

Impressively, it marshaled many talents, a veritable "task force," said the ABC-TV advance press release. *Time*'s publisher, Henry Luce himself, oracled solemnly into the camera, flanked by four top editors.

The screen sagged beneath the weight of production credits—Nicholas Samstag and Arthur B. Tourtellot sharing top billing—and Japan's Premier Yoshida was interviewed between an ambitious dramatic sequence and a long Time Marches On recapitulation of the road from Pearl Harbor to San Francisco, 1951.

Impressively, Joseph Liss's custom-tailored one-act playlet in two parts, calculated to illustrate the composite tensions of a Japanese family group, and rather too rich in lotus-blossom imagery, was nevertheless written on a level of awareness of world social currents—a plane conspicuous by its absence in run-of-the-grind video drama. Impressively, the setting of the interior of a Japanese home had individuality; and TV's forgotten man, the audio engineer, did commendable justice, in his pick-up, to Harry Sosnik's solid musical score.



Paul Nickell's direction, imaginative on the whole, suffered lapses in the handling of the cast. The roles of the mother and the daughter-in-law were effectively understated but the soldier son and the girl's suitor were stereotypes, and the father made a thoroughly unoriental climax out of one particularly overt, scenery-chewing bit.

Time, Inc. showed an alert promotion-public service sense in buying a prime evening hour immediately preceding the last night, show-down session of the San Francisco conference. The opportunity for a dove-tailing job of integration and illumination, perhaps for video's first important documentary, was there. "Your Stake in Japan" missed the target because, for all its talents (too many cooks?), the viewer could get nothing out of it to re-structure, as it were, his universe of ideas orbiting around Hirohito's new democracy.

The package had six parts. An opening montage struck the awesome U-235 note. Then followed Nagasaki, grimly rebuilding; and the family drama which showed that there are Fascist and Communist termites to be reckoned with in Japan's freedom structure. Mr. Luce and his lieutenants, next, in TV's inevitable chairs at TV's ubiquitous desk, stated, in turn, that repentant Japan was now tied in, as an ally, to the free powers in their resistance to Soviet aggression. There followed the film sequence harking back to how it all happened: the Premier Yoshida interview, with the diplomat diplomatically promising that his nation would do its share: and finally, the Japanese family again, with a friendly American major urging the wife of the war prisoner who did not return, to teach her boy that the feudal past was "a complicated lie"; whereupon the young widow replied, *à la* Lafcadio Hearn, "They are truly kind who visit when the blossoms are shed," suggesting, it would seem, a flow of tourist currency.

Each part, considered separately, makes a point. Taken together, they flowed neither forward nor backward along a consistent, developing line of thought. Moreover, the points are

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all familiar. "Your Stake in Japan" penetrated them to no new depths nor bathed them in light-revealing fresh dimensions. Obviously, the documentary proposed to persuade the American public that the treaty, officially marking the remarkable reversal of Japan from a hated enemy to friend in so short a spate of time, was a necessary step taken in the struggle against imperialist Communism.

Is such persuasion necessary? Ordinary observation indicates that the public is already convinced. A documentary "flogging a dead cat," in S. J. Perelman's quaint phrase, is a waste of *Time*'s time—and money—and an audience's attention. Moreover, since a good documentary should create a situation and enlist the listener's sympathies, where, we may further ask, was the over-all dramatic situation, in program terms, in "Your Stake in Japan," and with whom or with what was the listener supposed to identify? The successive leaps of orientation required to keep pace with the unrelated movements of the broadcast could only succeed in generating schizophrenia and at last killing listener interest, which is what they did in my case, at least.

Time, Inc. brings a level of effort to TV which is sorely needed. I hope it stays in the documentary business. It will stay fruitfully, however, only if it is self-persuaded that, while the conference method can produce a successful news magazine, it is disastrous in creative broadcasting. When you produce fine documentaries, you do not stay outside your material and report it in Olympian manner: you get inside it and on fire with something to say.

We hasten, in closing, to call your attention to Ezio Pinza's triumphant invasion of TV. The once-upon-a-time Metropolitan Opera dramatic basso, now priced out of the long-hair market, since "South Pacific," will be making rotating appearances on NBC-TV's new Saturday night "All Star Revue." Signor Pinza, on his recent debut, brought manners, maturity, and a joyous voice to video's callow world. He even looked good as a "man-of-orange-juice distinction" (his sponsor is Snowcrop and he plugged it) and the dancing bear did not get him down. His writers gave him good lines; he delivered them winningly. Best of all, he will probably do an operatic selection each appearance.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Always the Sea

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

HE LIVED there on the edge of nowhere;
Loneliness can make men queer,
People say. He did not mind it
Hearing the sea year after year.

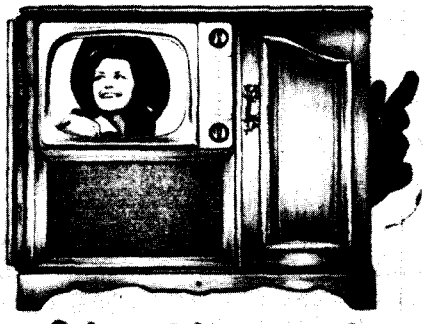
Night after night, day after day,
The ocean leaned in slow and long,
It did not interfere with talking,
He did not talk. It was a song.

A song he did not have to sing;
He worked by it, slept by it, too;
Always the sea, it made more sense
Than any of the men he knew.

It was beyond a man to say
What was being said by the sea,
It was like the Bible to a child,
It was like eternity.

And it was like himself. A man
Was not all there in words he said;
A man was in the winds, the seasons,
In more than could crowd into his head.

People were foolish to be afraid
Of being lonely. It was good.
The sea waves always would be there,
As long as they would be, he would.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DRAMA

(*Continued from page 30*)

ter College and staff member of the American National Theatre and Academy, aims to analyze the influence of public spectacles, such as pageants and processions, on Elizabethan plays presented on the English stage from 1581 to 1603.

In varying detail, Miss Venezky in her text describes royal celebrations from Edward I's victory at Falkirk and the consequent London celebration of 1298 to Prince Charles's visit to Spain in 1623. All this pomp and circumstance was of such appeal to the theatre audience that its demands had to be heeded in the dramas of all and sundry playwrights. It is from a long list of plays then that the author has drawn examples which parallel actual public spectacles. In the illuminating chapter of Shakespeare's Pageant Imagery Miss Venezky's discussion of "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and "Hamlet" emphasizes in a new light Shakespeare's consummate ability to make pageantry serve a poetically functional purpose in his dramas. The nine extremely interesting plates illustrating the text will make the reader with an eye for spectacle regret that there are not many more of them.

SCANDINAVIAN PLAYS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: Hjalmar Bergman, Pär Lagerkvist, Stig Dagerman. Translated by Henry Alexander and Llewellyn Jones. Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation. $3. This volume is the third in a series of translated dramas designed to acquaint the English-speaking public with the vigorous modern Swedish theatre. An introduction by Alrik Gustafson provides necessary information for the reader who is unfamiliar with the position of Bergman, Lagerkvist, and Dagerman in past and current Swedish literary activity. Of the translated dramas in this volume, two can compete favorably with whatever dramatic fare Broadway has had to offer in recent years

Hjalmar Bergman's "The Swedenhielms," a comedy in four acts, pictures the family of a scientist in the throes of suspense pending the outcome of the decision of a Nobel Prize committee. While they wait, there is considerable entertaining activity generated by the Swedenhielm family, consisting of an honor-conscious engineer who is father to an actress, a lieutenant, and another engineer son. One of the characters emphatically claims that "corrupt women and prominent politicians can realize on their honor and make a killing, but honorable people must sell it off at bargain-basement prices." Amid battles of wit and emotion this claim is put to a severe test and is found wanting as far as honorable people are concerned.

American readers who are familiar with Stig Dagerman's recently translated novel, "Burnt Child," will find another example of his striking talent in the drama, "The Condemned." This play concerns itself with a man who is found innocent of the murder of his unfaithful wife just as he is starting on the last mile to the chair. The reprieve ironically proves fatal because the man's obsession with the crime he himself would have liked to commit leads him to strangle a woman who resembles his former wife. Dagerman's atmosphere of suspense, psychological terror, and social commentary provides a dazzling exhibition of playwriting.

THE PLAYWRIGHT: A study of Forms, Method, and Tradition in the Theatre. By Ormerod Greenwood. Pitman. $3.75. As can be gathered from the title, the aim of this study is an ambitious one: but gratifyingly enough, in a compact compass of 214 pages Ormerod Greenwood has covered the theatrical ground between the ancients and the moderns in a thoroughly informative and pleasurable fashion. Indirectly the author puts his finger on the lackluster results of so many history-of-the-drama texts as he mentions his methods of selecting material; "I have tried to choose plays which I like myself enthusiastically; for I feel that examples are too often given in an attempt to be catholic in taste, although the writer has no feeling for them." Yet standard masterpieces in Greek, French, English, German, and Italian are done justice in the author's efforts to frame the traditions and techniques of antiquity's classicism, the medieval miracle and morality play, neo-classical periods, the realistic approach, and the return of poetry to the modern stage symbolism. The author's good taste in comparative drama and the material selected to provide the proper time-context for the plays analyzed combine to make this volume with its summaries, bibliography, and questions especially inviting for classroom use.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

POET NEXT BUT ONE

(*Continued from page 21*)

Over the sea his petrel shall come flying,
Over the range his cumulus be sailing,
Over the field his hound shall follow running;
Over the roof his smoke will lift, and rising
Over the wall his snow will drift, devising
Over the road his scroll and scrawl of snowing;
Over the trail his eye shall show its cunning,
Over the coast his fog will gather.
Crying
Over the land, his word shall be unfailing.

XIII

Love he shall know. The humanities will,
Pray God, be crescent from this quasi-queasy hour.
The English for the Latin for the Greek,
Like older roots, may fall to dust, but
That seems doubtful. Language, just to live,
Runs two ways—both at once. Mitotic
Life unchanging may not change
The college that shall hold him, if
Indeed he goes to college. Poets
Have their own ways with their
Craft. Democracy may send him through
A steel mill, down a mineshaft, back
Of counters, off to sea, or out to farm.
No matter. Plato and Shakespeare, Milton,
Blake, and who? or any other five-
Point star will do. It does for me and you.

XIV

Poet, may we presume
The time of absent gloom,
Fell voices from the tomb:
The interlocking locutors of doom?

XV

God give him grace and let him stand
With one true thing at either hand.
Give patience and the double sight
To see the day within the night.

For him this land of civil birth,
His share of loneliness and mirth,
The far-off look, the ancient ties,
And tears in some compassioned eyes.

Let loose the roaring in his wood
Of winds in March, and strike where stood
His enemies, if some there be.
God guide his hand and keep him free.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 19*)

so does Edith Sitwell; as do Saint Augustine and Aldous Huxley, Erasmus and Reinhold Niebuhr, Saint John of the Cross and Rainer Maria Rilke, Gregory the Great and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Juliana of Norwich and Bertrand Russell. There are quotations here from "The Bhagavad-Gita," "The Midrash," "The Cloud of Unknowing," "The Hebrew Prayer Book," "The Mirror of Perfection," "The Oxyrhynchus Papyri," and the *Leicester Evening Mail* of May 19, 1944. Buddha tells his disciples: "Moreover, brethren, though robbers, who are highwaymen, should with a two-handed saw carve you in pieces limb by limb, yet if the mind of any one of you should be offended thereat, such an one is no follower of my gospel." Bossuet says: "I am, in God's hands, my own master." St. Teresa warns that too much self-examination is as bad as too little. Jung equates psychical healing with the solution of a religious problem. Leibnitz finds the source of the mechanics of nature in the metaphysics of nature. Charles Péguy declares that "Everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics." Erich Fromm argues that "the drive for life and the drive for destruction are not mutually independent factors but are in a reversed interdependence . . . *Destructiveness is the outcome of unlived life.*" Francis Thompson sings songs of his faith, and so does George Herbert, while Shelley sings without benefit of orthodoxy. Abelard advances the Moral Theory of the Atonement; Hastings Rashdall echoes Abelard. Ibsen voices, through the mouth of Dr. Stockman, two great discoveries: that "the majority is never right," and that "the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone." Job arises, rends his mantle, shaves his head, falls down upon the ground, and worships.

Perhaps these few names and even fewer quotations will give some slight idea of the range, variety, and density of Mr. Gollancz's compilation; but no more than a slight idea can be given in a brief review. It should be noted further, however, that the anthologist finds one of his most fruitful sources in the Hasidic literature produced by Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer Baal Shem Tov and his many followers; and that these writings will be of particular interest—and particularly impressive—to readers who come upon them here for the first time.

"Man and God" is at once a treasury and a cathedral and a fortress of faith, fabulously furnished and raised to the skies and fortified by men and women of many faiths. But some readers will have to be content to view this triple structure from a distance, with wonder and respect, and—perhaps—a twinge of envy. When I finished this remarkable book, I found myself thinking: Yes, it is probably true that religion is the ultimate poetry of mankind; but it is certainly true, alas, that not all of us can learn to read it.

Belles-Lettres Notes

RUDYARD KIPLING IN NEW ENGLAND. By Howard C. Rice. The Book Cellar, Brattleboro, Vt. $2. Anyone dipping into Kipling's posthumous memoirs, "Something of Myself," is likely to find an extremely complex person who refused to yield a simple answer as to why his creative talents abandoned themselves to a strident voicing of the destiny and duties of the British imperial race toward the "lesser breeds" of Asia and Africa. Apparently this abandonment developed slowly, for he had a greater understanding and sympathy for the Indian ("Plain Tales from the Hills," "Kim") than most Englishmen and an abhorrence of the sadism encouraged among the boys of the British public school system ("Stalky and Co."); that there was no love lost between him and the English newspaper for which he worked in India was evidenced by his sudden departure. Shortly after this departure, Kipling came to America and lived through four personally hectic years from 1892 to 1896. It is this time span with which Howard C. Rice concerns himself, and in his book "Rudyard Kipling in New England," supplemented by pertinent photographs, he reviews the more or less commonly known facts of Kipling's marriage to the American Caroline Balestier, the building of their home "Naulakha" north of Brattleboro, Vermont, the birth of two children there, Kipling's interesting literary output—the first and second "Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work"—and finally the feud with his brother-in-law which erupted in public scandal and drove the Kipling family out of America.

Mr. Rice tries to explain some of Kipling's ungenerous and explosive remarks about Americans as having resulted from personal annoyances, pointing also to Kipling's lyrical enthusiasm in regard to New England's nature scene as being more characteristic of his true feelings. Unfortunately,

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Kipling's quarrel with America was more fundamental as he scored American democracy as election of the worst by the worst. It is altogether possible that with time Kipling's traditionally British nineteenth-century condescension toward Americans might have worn off, for there are occasional remarks in admiration of Americanus Polyglot and hope for his future. In addition Kipling let some of Bret Harte's local color rub off on his own writings and began to appreciate the writings of Mark Twain. But the possibility of his adjustment to America is conjecture and after he left its shores his voice only rose shriller in support of British imperialism, whose full implications he seemed little to understand.

The Book Cellar of Brattleboro, Vermont, which publishes books whenever it can afford to do so, can pride itself on having published a neat, attractive, and interesting little volume.

THACKERAY: The Sentimental Cynic. By Lambert Ennis. Northwestern University Press. $5. It was inevitable that William Makepeace Thackeray be put on some critic's psychoanalytic couch for extended literary analysis—a hazardous treatment which could make both the subject and the analyst look foolish. Lambert Ennis, however, deserves credit for fruitfully probing his patient's mind and delivering a well-worded diagnosis. While Mr. Lambert's study concentrates mainly on Thackeray's attitudes and conduct at pertinent moments of his life, he also joins the large coterie of scholars who have been tracking biographical intimations in the works of Thackeray. Very persuasively, Mr. Ennis describes how Thackeray capitalized on his childhood, school, and marriage experiences by converting them into material for his major novels, especially "Henry Esmond," "Pendennis," and "Vanity Fair." Thackeray's relation to the five important women in his life, his contribution to the unhinging of his wife Isabella's mind, and the idealization of his mother are part of Mr. Ennis's study of the interplay of biography and literature in Thackeray's writings.

Even to Thackeray's contemporaries, the contradictory features of cynicism and sentimentalism were quite apparent in his makeup and Mr. Ennis capably explores these elements from the psychological point of view. Although cynicism is usually a sturdy weapon in the hands of the crusader, Thackeray's use of cynicism was blunted by sentimental considerations. This weakness is emphasized by Mr. Ennis who points out that "with his dislike of giving offense, he was not sure enough of the purity of his own motives or the exact identity of his goals to maintain always his satirical pressure." For better or for worse, as far as his art is concerned, Thackeray was always at pains to be on good terms with his paying public.

THE SOURCES AND INFLUENCES OF THE NOVELS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. By Lulu Ramsey Wiley. Vantage Press. $3.50. In rapid succession about the year 1800 there appeared "Arthur Mervyn," "Wieland," "Ormond," and "Edgar Huntley," novels by Charles Brockden Brown which were considered phenomena on several counts. Here was an American writer who attempted to make writing a professional pursuit, using home-spun material and placing his characters in Pennsylvania and New York settings. Even American publications which suffered a national literary inferiority complex, abetted by caustic appraisals of American writings by English critics, had to admit that Brown wrote, as one of them put it, "uncommonly" well for an American. Time, however, has been unkind to Brown because of the outwardly wooden and stilted narrative, the obvious devices of his novels, his classic but antiquated announcements of pending danger — the "scene was pregnant with astonishment and horror," — the pseudo-scientific gadgetry, and the "gentlemanly" moralizing. And yet Brockden Brown's descriptions of physical and mental terrors are real to the point of affecting the patient reader through cumulative detail and intensity — the kind of story device which Poe later brought to perfection.

The present study by Lulu Ramsey Wiley is an extensive piece of work which considers the biographical aspects of Brown, the influence of the English eighteenth-century revival of the Gothic and German romanticism, a detailed examination of the plot and techniques of the novels, an indication of Brown's numerous literary debtors in America and abroad (mostly examples of forgotten authors plagiarizing forgotten passages), and a comprehensive bibliography of and about Brown's works. Miss Wiley holds the sensible view that, while Brown was unable to shake off completely the influences from abroad, he still occupies a unique position in literary history as one of the first strong advocates of "literary nationalism" with his imaginative and realistic writings. Several faults place this study at a disadvantage: an excessive

use of quotations to document unimportant points and the author's unwillingness to summarize and condense briefly — thus, much of the material, though excellent, is woefully disorganized. In addition Vantage Press does itself a disservice by displaying a book full of fading print, irregular margins, poor paragraph spacing and section headings.

A LOST LANGUAGE: And Other Essays on Chaucer. By Sister M. Madeleva, C. S. C. Sheed and Ward. $2.25. The thought that threads its way through the several essays on Chaucer by Sister M. Madeleva, president of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, is a conviction that Chaucer's practice of prayer in his works is not only a fourteenth-century conventional device but an indication of his devotional sincerity and pious qualities. Elaborating on this thought, the author discusses Chaucer's "An A B C," a poem whose first letters of each stanza run through the alphabet in veneration of the Blessed Virgin; the passages at the end of "Troilus and Cryiseyde" and "The Canterbury Tales," in which Sister Madeleva finds Chaucer "on his knees" fervently praying and recanting much of his writings; and finally Chaucer's knowledge of Catholic liturgy, convent life, and custom as reflected in his portraits of the nuns in the writings. Although Sister Madeleva is obviously well acquainted with Chaucer scholarship, she prefers to emphasize Chaucer's use of Catholic doctrines and practices as revealing his pious intentions. In the case of the "A B C," this view runs up against scholarly consensus which holds that the poem, which was translated from the French on the request of the Duchess of Lancaster, reveals little about Chaucer and less about his piety and remains a sample of contemporary hymnal expression.

Impressive in the essays is Sister Madeleva's simple, expressive style and her sincere pleading for a return to Chaucer's kind of piety, penance, and prayer, which she sees as having become "almost a lost language."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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WHO WILL COUNSEL THE COUNSELOR?

(*Continued from page 8*)

the permanence of independent states, each the permanent rival and potential enemy of all other states. It accepts the legitimacy of the pursuit by each state of its alleged national interest. ("No [state] system that lasts over decades is entirely without merits.") Moreover, it recognizes that the relative power of states is not fixed but constantly changing. As Mr. Kennan puts it:

"The national state pattern is not, should not be, and cannot be a fixed and static thing. By nature it is an unstable phenomenon in a constant state of change and flux. History has shown that the will and capacity of individual peoples to contribute to their world environment is constantly changing. It is only logical that the organizational forms (and what else are such things as borders and governments?) should change with them. The function of a system of international relationships is not to inhibit this process of change by imposing a legal strait jacket upon it, rather to facilitate it: to ease its transitions, to temper the asperities to which it often leads, to isolate and moderate the conflicts to which it gives rise, and to see that these conflicts do not assume forms too unsettling for international life in general. But this is a task for diplomacy in the most old-fashioned sense of the term."

It sure is—if that is what you want. If you do, then the U. S. Administration's past failure to carry out its precepts merits the pisparaging term of "diplomacy by dilettantism."

HERE Mr. Kennan seems to be advocating the Machiavellian thesis that state morality cannot be individual morality. Each state, following its strict national interest, has not only the right but the duty to oppose all other states that seem to threaten it. It ought not to intervene in international differences, however offensive to personal morality, which do not immediately concern its national interest. One might even argue that, in its effort to see that international conflicts (wars) "do not assume forms too unsettling for international life," the U. S. Administration ought to aid a strong, expanding state in its conquest and absorption of weaker states. Thus, the United States might in 1938 have welcomed Nazi Germany's destruction of Czechoslovakia on the same ground that Neville Chamberlain did—namely, that Czechoslovakia was a "faraway country of which we know nothing," whose destruction was of no moment to Englishmen. It ought perhaps in 1939 to have welcomed the partition of weak Poland between stronger Germany and the USSR.

The only limitation Mr. Kennan seems to place on the unbridled use of national power is the same need for preventing a major war which guided Mr. Chamberlain in 1939. One is tempted to suggest that Mr. Kennan ought logically to have favored Russian expansion during and subsequent to World War II since by "easing these transitions" the U. S. avoided, and may still avoid, major war. Instead of which, Mr. Kennan is the author of a policy of opposing Soviet grabs and of "containing" further Soviet expansion.

Whence this lack of logic? Apparently, it springs from the fact that our author considers the USA a state unlike other states. Whereas their national interest may lead them to all sorts of amoral acts—from diplomatic trickery to the conquest and extirpation of whole peoples—the national interest of the USA is by nature synonymous with the good of mankind. Far from admitting any "cynicism and reaction," he assures us that any American policy founded on reality and an "endeavor to see ourselves and

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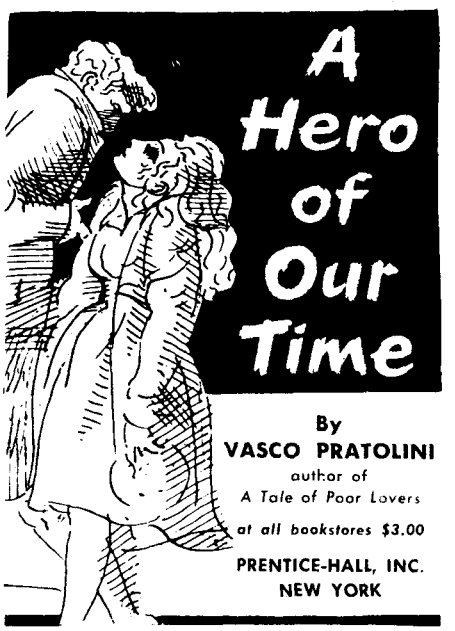

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others as we really are, cannot be illiberal." In other words, he expects the United States to remain "pure" in an "impure" world.

Here emerges the ultimately fantastic nature of Mr. Kennan's "containment" theory. We Americans, with our allies, while admitting "that our own national interest is all we are really capable of knowing and understanding," are—he hopes—to continue opposing Communist assaults that endanger that interest by pure negation, fighting if necessary a dozen bloody little wars, but defensively and without anger, taking good care to prevent any of them from expanding into the kind of new world war that will destroy us all. Against a gigantic and predatory coalition which seeks our total destruction, we are to keep cool with Truman and fight back *just enough.*

NEVER for an instant must we entertain the prospect of total victory. We must never harbor the thought of doing to the nation that has raised aggression to a principle, well, what Rome did to Carthage.

At the same time, we must never fool ourselves with a hope that the political system responsible for putting such an intolerable strain upon us can be modified. The multi-state system will go on—apparently forever, with its armed struggles. We must never allow ourselves to imagine that men are capable of eliminating war through international organization. This would be a relapse into the sort of deceptive legalistic thinking which Mr. Kennan specifically condemns. His book hardly mentions the United Nations. I happen to know that he thinks little of that venture.

What the "containment" policy offers us is the prospect of living with an unending crisis—and liking it.

Yet this is the policy of the American Administration and, what is more, of its major European allies. All of them consider it the best available.

I think they are wrong. But even if they were theoretically right, they have, I feel, offered a blueprint of a policy which the American people are temperamentally incapable of carrying out. To ask Americans to fight a series of wars with limited defensive objectives, with no surcease until the adversary changes or collapses, is unrealistic.

There are several reasons. In defense of a decision to "have a war and get it over," they will appeal to certain factors Mr. Kennan ignores. One of these is that the many-state system which he takes for granted is patently obsolescent. The entire planet is now the scene of a single type of civilization, the technological. This type of civilization is pushing the peoples toward ever greater concentrations, towards larger and larger states and, perhaps ultimately, to a world state. In the process, any serious wars that occur are almost certain to become worldwide, for neutrality is becoming ever more difficult to uphold. Such local conflicts as the Communists may provoke in their search for "soft spots" will tend to expand—as the entrance of Red China into the Korean affair demonstrates. To assume that a whole series of Koreas can occur without ever spreading is to build a policy upon a flimsy hypothesis.

A second factor which our author overlooks is the peculiarly broad nature of the Kremlin's concept of its "national interest." Like Hitler before him, Stalin is not interested in reaching "limited objectives" at the expense of the non-Communists. He seeks their total destruction—chiefly, the destruction of the United States. In the presence of such a threat, to urge the American people—if not the other non-Communist peoples—to react without animosity or in a limited way is to urge the utopian. At some point, they seem bound to seek the total destruction of the aggressor—an ultimatum to lay off, followed if necessary by an American superblitz!

Finally, despite Mr. Kennan's contempt for legal principles, the democratic peoples will, in my judgment, continue to press for their acceptance. That these principles can find no real place amid the present international anarchy is obvious. To be valid, law must be enforceable. It cannot be enforceable upon independent states, each of which reserves the right to resort to arms. As a result, sovereign nations cannot keep the peace and would not be able to avoid more wars even if there were no USSR. Yet the worse the prospect of a general war becomes, the more the peoples are going to seek the elimination of war. As new weapons appear, each surpassing its predecessors in destructive power, the cry for their elimination is going to grow louder, not softer. And, at some point, faced with the alternatives of endless armed strife or the creation of a preponderant state, the peoples are going to prefer the latter. Indeed, so great already is humanity's need for eliminating major war that unless the governments succeed in creating some sort of preponderant power voluntarily, some conqueror is likely to impose a Roman peace by force. To rule out such a contingency at a time when the USSR is manifestly trying to create a World Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is fantastically short-sighted.

Now it can be that Mr. Kennan is right and that mankind is forever doomed to perpetuate the present system with ever worse consequences to the human race. Nonetheless, repeated attempts to transform this unsatisfactory system are to me so inevitable that I am ready to hazard a prophecy: no American foreign policy that does not consciously aim at the elimination of major war by something better than fighting an endless series of minor wars will be for long accepted by the American people.

Does this mean that the present "containment" policy is valueless or wrong? By no means. As a temporary expedient, designed to enable the non-Communist coalition to make up for the lost years and acquire invulnerability, it is, in my judgment, the only sensible policy. Yet sooner or later, the coalition of free peoples is going to cease reacting to local provocation with purely local defense. It is going to link its members in a single, all-

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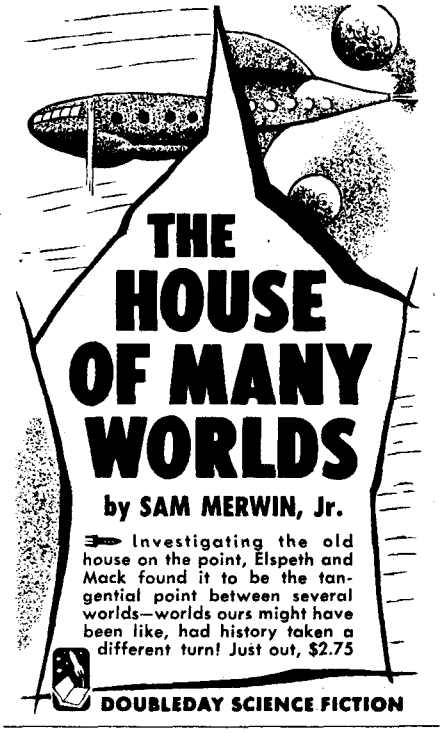
embracing comity, any assault upon which will result in precisely the kind of destructive general war Mr. Kennan deplores.

Here will be where "containment" ends.

IF there is anything in the above arguments, one may ask, how could so seasoned a diplomat as George Frost Kennan have overlooked them and offered such unpalatable fare to Americans?

I do not, of course, know the answer. Yet "American Diplomacy 1900-1950" does suggest an explanation. At several points in his book, Mr. Kennan seems to subscribe to a belief in history as a fatalistic process, somehow outside of and above the control of the individuals who are its substance. One might trace this belief to the author's (partly) German education which has left him with a vastly exaggerated esteem for and estimate of the contemporary Germans. Many modern Germans (along with Tolstoy in Russia and Thomas Hardy of the "Dynasts" in England) get a great kick out of feeling themselves mere parts of a grandiose stampede into epic.

How far Mr. Kennan goes along is not clear. Such a conception seems to me at variance with any democratic philosophy. Yet he specifically exculpates all countries from any special responsibility for bringing on the catastrophe of World War I. ("Poor old Europe had got herself into a box.") He also excuses, for not preventing World War II, those same American leaders whose incurable preoccupation with moralizing and misplaced legalistic principles he chiefly criticizes. "From this standpoint," he writes, "it is only a step to absolving the Western statesmen of the Twenties and Thirties of all responsibility for the Second World War and *to regard them exclusively as the actors in a tragedy beyond their making or*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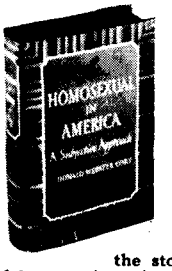

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repair" (italics mine). On much the same grounds, he finds nothing wrong with the Yalta agreements. This apparent acceptance of historical determinism is not logically connected with Mr. Kennan's general theory or with the U. S. policy of "containment."

It would, however, explain his unreadiness to imagine an international order much different from the one that now lies so heavily upon us. It might explain his antipathy toward the United Nations and his advocacy of "limited objectives."

One can, of course, argue that man's feeling of free will is a delusion. Yet, if so, all human activity—indeed, all human existence—is without sense. Particularly senseless would seem the writing of books about foreign policy —a peculiarly useless vocalized reflex.

ONE cannot have it both ways. Either the Germans had to attack the world in 1914 and again in 1939 or they did not. Either the democratic world was fatally condemned to do nothing to forestall these attacks or it was free to do something—and did not. Either the Kremlin must now continue trying to expand and the non-Communist world must go on reacting half-heartedly—or both can change their policies and thereby avert the particular war we have in mind.

Mr. Kennan's predicament is that of the intelligent realist who, denying the possibility—or at least the likelihood—of change, can advocate nothing better than rational acceptance of calamity.

There are doubtless times which call for leaders imbued with a sense of their own basic helplessness. Other occasions would seem to require bolder statesmen, those who are able to act fearlessly and without looking back on the basis of a 51 per cent conviction.

Today is one of the latter type of occasion. Today, if ever, democratic leaders would seem well advised in substituting for Mr. Kennan's counsel of caution the bugle call of Arnold Toynbee in "Civilization on Trial":

"There is nothing to prevent our Western civilization from following historical precedent, if it chooses, by committing . . . suicide. But we are not doomed to make history repeat itself; it is open to us through our own efforts, to give history, in our case, some new and unprecedented turn. As human beings, we are endowed with this freedom of choice, and we cannot shuffle off our responsibility upon the shoulders of God or nature. We must shoulder it ourselves. It is up to us."

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 914

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wooden or metal pin in the gunwale of a boat, a fulcrum for the oar.	53 145 28 15 179
B. A characteristic of the disease thrush in man and animals.	131 27 147 1 35 176
C. Becomes impeded and inactive (2 wds.).	177 94 98 10 143 118 71 68
D. The defendant in replevin who acknowledges the distress of the goods and justifies the taking (law).	69 37 34 114 23 83 30
E. An Indian of the Five Nations Confederacy.	126 75 135 7 88 113 106 122
F. Cut off or removed, as superfluous parts.	178 54 63 159 142 32
G. Village near Aldershot, England, where Chas. Kingsley lived from 1842 to his death, 1845.	173 132 49 186 18 140 3 56
H. Holly whose leaves were used by American Indians for their "black drink".	21 151 110 157 139 115
I. Historic character in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish".	5 141 102 74 184
J. A beverage, orig. Welsh, usually made of fermented honey and water; mead.	125 38 111 48 133 108 188 41 175
K. Region formerly part of the Slave Coast in W. Africa.	146 13 120 170 72 136 42
L. Light rope for a boat's anchor (U. S. and Newfoundland).	55 181 112 166

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Violent or railing denunciation.	152 61 50 96 134 91 9 58 14
N. A *thin kind of goatskin.*	182 130 124 105 86 162 129 33 59
O. Voiceless.	62 109 44 57 101 85 169 81
P. National Military Park in Tennessee that includes site of a fort captured by *Grant*, 1862 (2 wds.).	12 183 150 46 149 160 97 31 16 164 168 89
Q. An attempt, esp. an unsuccessful one, to commit a crime of violence (French).	90 180 185 154 107 137 100 70
R. Selected.	52 8 19 65 92 171
S. Becomes active, as a geyser.	26 138 82 117 73 153
T. English author of "Black Beauty", 1877, long popular "autobiography" of a horse.	24 66 119 17 99 76
U. What Hosea ordered the people to say to their sisters (Bib.).	95 156 2 116 4 158 165
V. The land of giants, as opposed to "Midgard" (Norse myth.).	174 47 127 80 60 43 123 104 163
W. The ruler of a Shan state (Burma).	144 36 79 172 161 148
X. Began sparring in a round (2 wds., pugilism).	39 128 67 167 20 155 78 84 93
Y. The Japanese kana.	51 29 11 103 40
Z. A nutritive starch, valued for children and invalids.	45 6 121 64 22 25 77 187 87

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 B	2 U	3 G	■	4 U	5 I	6 Z	7 E	8 R	9 M	10 C	■
11 Y	12 P	■	13 K	14 M	15 A	16 P	17 T	18 G	19 R	20 X	21 H	■	22 Z	23 D	24 T	■		
25 Z	26 S	27 B	28 A	29 Y	30 D	31 P	32 F	■	33 N	34 D	■	35 B	36 W	37 D	38 J	■		
39 X	40 Y	41 J	42 K	■	43 V	44 O	45 Z	46 P	■	47 V	48 J	49 G	■	50 M	51 Y	52 R		
53 A	54 F	55 L	56 G	■	57 O	58 M	59 N	60 V	■	61 M	62 O	63 F	64 Z	65 R	66 T	67 X		
68 C	■	69 D	70 Q	■	71 C	72 K	73 S	74 I	75 E	76 T	77 Z	78 X	■	79 W	80 V	81 O		
■	82 S	83 D	84 X	85 O	86 N	87 Z	88 E	89 P	90 Q	91 M	92 R	■	93 X	94 C	95 U	■		
96 M	97 P	98 C	99 T	100 Q	101 O	102 I	■	103 Y	104 V	105 N	106 E	107 Q	108 J	■	109 O	110 H		
111 J	■	112 L	113 E	114 D	115 H	■	116 U	■	117 S	118 C	119 T	120 K	121 Z	■	122 E	123 V		
124 N	■	125 J	126 E	127 V	128 X	129 N	■	130 N	131 B	132 G	133 J	■	134 M	135 E	136 K	137 Q		
138 S	139 H	140 G	141 I	142 F	143 C	■	144 W	145 A	146 K	■	147 B	148 W	149 P	■	150 P	151 H		
152 M	153 S	154 Q	155 X	■	156 U	157 H	■	158 U	■	159 F	160 P	161 W	162 N	163 V	■	164 P		
165 U	166 L	■	167 X	168 P	169 O	170 K	171 R	■	172 W	173 G	■	174 V	175 J	176 B	177 C	178 F		
179 A	■	180 Q	181 L	■	182 N	183 P	184 I	185 Q	186 G	187 Z	188 J	■	■	■	■	■		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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Schnabel in Retrospect

CESAR SAERCHINGER

AT the time we became friends—in the Berlin of the early Twenties—the late Artur Schnabel had already achieved a European reputation as one of the outstanding pianists of his time. He had toured most of the Continent and played with most of the great orchestras—under Richter, Schuch, Nikisch, Weingartner, and Muck. During World War I the German Government had sent him on concert tours to the neutral countries as a worthy exponent of German *kultur* (though he was born in Austrian Poland, of Jewish parents). This golden shower had come to an end, and the grim days of runaway inflation were at hand. Schnabel was then what he set out to be: a "professional musician," which meant, in his own words, a man who composes, performs, and teaches music—to those who want to compose, perform, and teach. He deplored the separation of the profession into creators and performers, which did not exist in olden days, and he hated the word virtuoso as a "contradiction in terms."

The accent at this time was on teaching, for concertizing in Germany brought only paper marks of uncertain value; but many talented pupils came from "hard currency" countries, and this helped to sustain a rather elaborate establishment in the more opulent section of Berlin. It was large enough to hold two studios (for himself and his wife) at opposite ends and out of earshot of each other. His own was a huge living room lined with books. Two concert grands stood in the center, side by side, at one of which Schnabel demonstrated, while the pupil did his best on the other. There was still room for a small crowd of listening hopefuls. Most of the pupils played the classics, for that was all they ever heard Schnabel play. However, they were free to choose what they wished to bring to the class, even Liszt or Tchaikovsky. Occasionally a pupil would venture a piece by Debussy, Ravel, or one of the other fashionable "moderns." As usual, he would interrupt on the second piano to demonstrate the correct execution of a passage, the meaning of a phrase, or the inner structure of the piece, thus showing his complete familiarity with works he never played himself. Once,

—Drawing by Edward Kapp.

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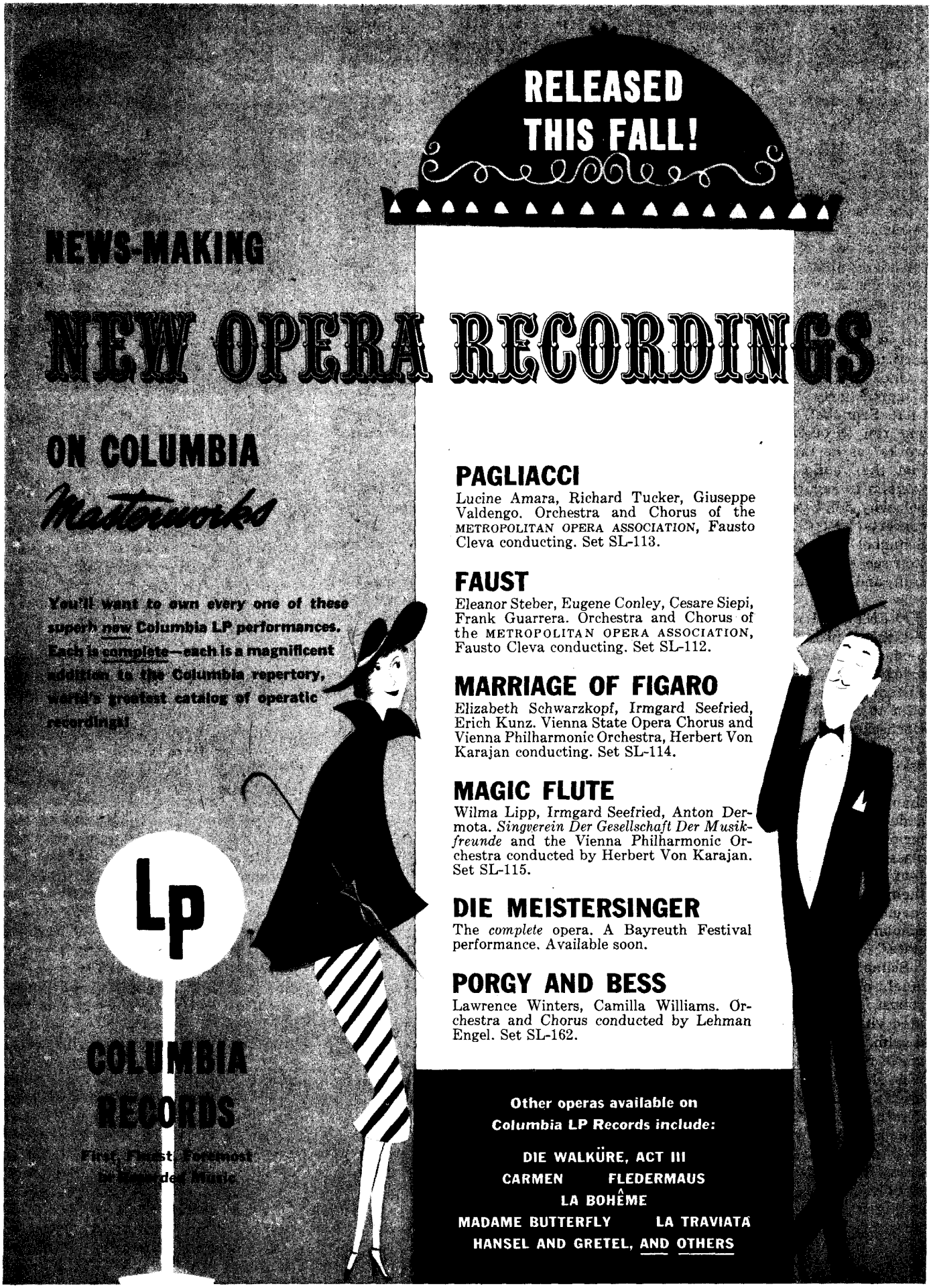
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when an astonished pupil asked him why he didn't perform Debussy, he replied: "You see, that kind of music I can play at sight." To be worth playing, a piece had to be "difficult," in the sense that Mozart is difficult—because of the specific gravity of its content.

He was never impressed by technical display, and he never asked a pupil to practise anything but the music itself. He despised "keyboard gymnastics" and never was known to touch an exercise of any kind. He considered that all technical problems were contained in the masterworks themselves. But the legend that Schnabel eschewed so-called bravura pieces because he lacked the necessary technique is absurd.

Once a young virtuoso played him a particularly "brilliant" piece by Liszt. Schnabel, as usual, discussed it and ran through some of the "fireworks" as he talked—with such ease that the young man was moved to exclaim in surprise: "But Mr. Schnabel, why don't you play Liszt in your concerts? You could, you know!" Schnabel hesitated: "Well . . . no. You see I would have to practise the stuff, and I couldn't do *that*."

EVENTUALLY, owing to hard times, the number of paying pupils dwindled, and seven of the most gifted were being taught free. It was then that Schnabel accepted a long-standing offer to conduct a master class at the Hochschule für Musik, despite his dislike of institutionalism. Surprised, I asked the reason for this capitulation. "A sour apple," he replied, "is better than no apple." "What is more," he added with a roguish twinkle, "the terms are very good. You see, the class will be limited to *seven* pupils —of my own choice. And I may teach them at home. This means that my seven young geniuses will now have scholarships—at the expense of the state."

Schnabel was at this time at the height of his physical powers: a short, robust, well-groomed man who radiated vitality and good humor. He had a calm, deliberate manner, suggesting great reserve of energy. His speech was slow, polished, and precise. He used a choice vocabulary spiced with carefully coined phrases and epigrams, and he was almost childishly fond of puns and rhyming spoonerisms. His personal charm was irresistible. In the evening, friends often gathered in the large studio to hear Schnabel discourse on the state of music, mountain climbing, and the world. If it was music he would usually "illustrate" at the piano, or expatiate on his favorite theme: the comparative difficulty of Mozart and, say, Brahms. I have heard him dash off a notoriously perilous passage in Brahms's B-flat major Concerto while looking nonchalantly around the room, exclaiming: "This is easy." Then, his eyes fixed on the keyboard with studied concentration, he would play a simple cantabile melody from the slow movement of a Mozart sonata and whisper: "But *this* is hard." "It isn't the notes," he would explain; "it's what is *between* the notes that matters."

Up to then I had heard none of Schnabel's own music except an ultra-modern "Notturno" for voice and piano which had what is politely called a mixed reception in Holland. He never mentioned his compositions. But I knew that some of the more remote shelves in his library held a huge stack of printed, but no longer favored, songs. I was to learn later that Schnabel had composed since childhood, and that—at seventeen—he had come to Berlin armed with three prize-winning piano pieces which Simrock, the publisher of Brahms, accepted at sight. At eighteen he had played a piano concerto of his own before an invited audience. Then, after several years of incubation, he blossomed forth with an ultra-modern "atonal" string quartet. The critics were not amused. They wrote as if they had been insulted. They couldn't understand how a man who played the classics so classically should compose in the "horrible" medium of the "cacophonists." Yet ten years later, at the All-German Music Festival of 1928, I heard the same quartet cheered loudly. In the meantime Schnabel had gone right on writing string quartets, trios, and sonatas, each of which proved too "advanced" in its turn.

Eventually they were followed by three symphonies and an orchestral rhapsody which had a substantial success when played by the New York Philharmonic three years before his death. These works, in an idiom for which Schoenberg and others had blazed the trail, are highly individual and powerful expressions. Although ahead of their time, some have had a remarkable and even enthusiastic response; however, Schnabel himself literally never moved a finger in their behalf. Whether they will prove, as some believe, that Schnabel was as great and as original a composer as he was a pianist remains to be seen.

In the summer of 1921 the Schnabel family and ours, complete with children, decided to spend a joint vacation in the Alps. Schnabel, an enthusiastic mountaineer, examined the maps and picked a spot with an ex-

Schnabel [in 1925]: "applause is a receipt."

pert's eye. It was in the Vorarlberg, near the Swiss frontier—a tiny village called Gaschurn, near the even more aptly-named town of Schruns. When I got there, Schnabel had already climbed most of the near-by summits, alone—presumably gathering inspiration for his Third String Quartet. He composed every summer, as a matter of course, just as some people play bridge or solitaire, though there were no evidences of it either visible or audible. We shared the seclusion of a little wooden chalet and had our meals in a hotel which could have been taken right out of a book by Bemelmans. The distant tinkle of cow bells was the only music that reached our ears.

ONE DAY he confided that he had signed for an American tour and was besieged with requests for biographical information and human-interest stories for publicity. He was bewildered and stubbornly unresponsive. "Who in America," he demanded, "cares what breakfast food I eat or what my pastimes are?" He swore he had not kept a single press notice about himself in all the years he had been before the public. It was clear that this wasn't going to make things easy for his manager, who in due course appealed to me for help. In an interview that I wheedled out of him he denied that he was an "interpreter" of Beethoven or anything else. Great music could at best be presented as it was; no kind of "interpretation" could enhance it. In short, it was "*always better than it could be played.*" His American programs would consist of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, and Brahms. No small pieces. Nothing "brilliant." No little light pieces at

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the end. He refused to follow the programmatic pattern of the touring pianist, which proceeded in a descending scale "from cathedral to night club." He would not appeal to what he was told was the American taste; he refused to believe that Americans were on a lower cultural level than Europeans. Moreover, there was no such thing as "playing down" to an audience. The performers who pretended to be doing this were in reality pleasing themselves. According to Schnabel, every artist does what, in his heart of hearts, he wants to do. He clung to these convictions all his life, and I have heard him defend them, with brutal frankness, with distinguished colleagues like Kreisler and Szigeti for hours at a time.

The story of his American debut is well known: the Christmas Day concert in a bleak, half-empty Carnegie Hall, consisting of two hours' straight Beethoven, and the merciless panning by some critics of this "German professor" who "tells us what we ought to like." His managers were frantic. They were incensed when they learned he never gave encores ("applause is a receipt, not a note of demand"). He catered neither to the public nor his backers. "My only employer," he said, "is the art." So he consistently played the same kind of programs—whether in Boston or Sioux Falls. In fact, he stoutly maintained that some "provincial" audiences were more responsive because they "hadn't been spoiled." The tour was not a financial success. To make matters worse, he would not make player-piano rolls, as every other famous pianist had done. When told that the Ampico had sixteen nuances, he declined because unfortunately *he* "had seventeen."

The second tour was little better than the first. He had an agreement for seven years, but rather than play a piano which didn't suit him he stayed away from America eight years. When he returned, he stoutly adhered to his previous principles; if anything, his programs had become more severe. However, his success grew from year to year. He was accepted by an increasing number of disciples and worshippers as he was. The audience that did not exist for four Beethoven sonatas in 1921 filled Carnegie Hall fifteen years later to hear him play the entire thirty-two in seven consecutive recitals.

What had changed? Had the American public matured? Perhaps. But Schnabel himself, in the intervening years, had grown in stature, by word of mouth and by evidence of his recordings. Also he had captured England, where he became the idol of the public, and his fame and influence had spread. It was in England that he first gave his complete Beethoven cycle. There he first played all the Mozart concertos and the ten Schubert sonatas, most of which had been gathering dust on their library shelves, unnoticed except by the musicologists. And it was in England that he was first persuaded to record. I happened to be one of the persuaders, and the story is characteristic of the man.

RECORDING companies had importuned him for years but had made no headway. They wanted to know why. Wasn't the machine good enough for him? "On the contrary," said Schnabel, "*I am not good enough for the machine.*" What he meant was that the re-creation of those masterpieces which he considered to be his particular "assignment" was not yet complete. His work had not reached that degree of fidelity to the composer

which would justify committing it to permanence. This sense of personal obligation was an obsession with him. He once told me that he hoped only to live long enough to understand Beethoven completely.

When he finally consented to record all the Beethoven sonatas, it was with great misgivings. It was not to be taken as an admission that he had reached his final goal, and he reserved his right to remake any recording that had become "obsolete" in his opinion. [EDITOR'S NOTE: The three versions of the "Emperor" Concerto, with Sargent, Stock, and Galliera, may be considered an instance of this.] Unquestionably these recordings were of considerable importance in Schnabel's career, as they were in the history of the phonograph. The prestige they conferred was oddly reciprocal. They gave wings to the practical demonstration of Schnabel's art and spread his reputation worldwide, while conferring a new importance on the phonographic repertory. There seems little doubt that Schnabel will be long remembered as a leader in the smallish company of artists who gave intellectual importance to a device which had long been treated either as a toy or as a mere source of entertainment.

He recorded much thereafter, and sometimes felt in later years that he would like to do more than was asked of him, possibly to remake even more of the works with which he had become so closely identified. It was part of his conviction that music was an ever-expanding universe of beauty and an inexhaustible source of artistic truth. This humility in the face of the infinite and his concept of music as a moral or ethical force were the keys to his character. They explain the solitary position he occupied among his contemporaries and the legend that has grown up about his name.

For thirty years our paths rarely diverged. He was as inflexible in his loyalty, as steadfast in his friendships, as he was in the fulfilment of his task. And as uncompromising in his adherence to principles. In 1933, when the Hitler scourge had invaded the sacred precincts of art, he made a quick and decisive break. The Germany which for a generation had provided the soil and cultural climate in which he matured was no more, and he left it—never to return. He was to have been the soloist at the Brahms centenary festival of that spring. An official called him up and stammered some embarrassed words about a change of plans. Schnabel stopped him short: "I know what you want to say. Tell your bosses that I may not be 'pure-blooded' but that I am cold-blooded. Good-bye."

He moved to Italy, to the little villa on the Lake of Como where for many summers he continued to teach young artists from many lands. But his real home, his family, and most of his friends were in America, his adopted country. Here, white-haired and failing in health but mentally alert as ever, he became the musical sage to whom younger musicians came for inspiration and encouragement. He lectured to crowds of admiring students in Harvard, Chicago, and Ann Arbor. He played in public more and more rarely, but still with the old fire, the same concentration and depth to the very last. And he remained, as he began at the age of twelve, the all-round "professional musician," writing, performing and teaching music—and dispensing unorthodox opinion on the state of the world. He spent his winters in New York and his summers composing among his beloved Swiss mountains, watching the moving shadows and the deepening contours of the snowy peaks—from below. "You see," he remarked the last time I saw him, "I can no longer scale the physical heights, only the spiritual ones . . . perhaps."

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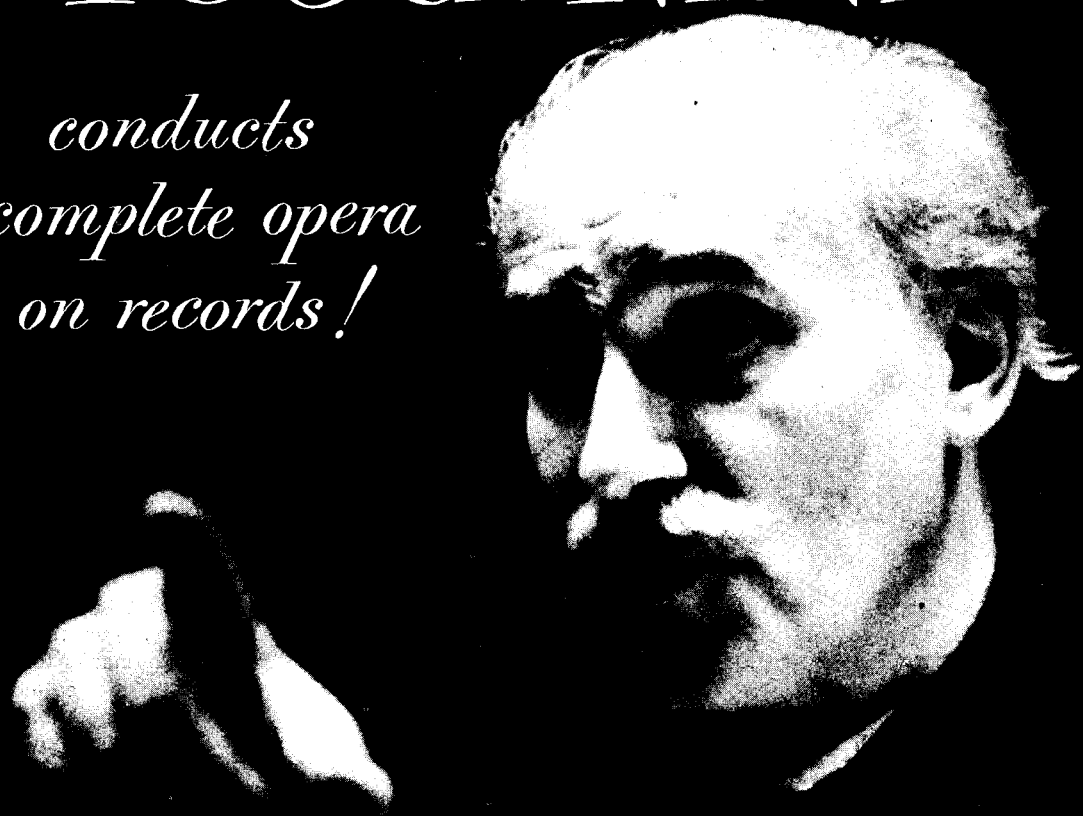

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The Spawn of LP

II – Cetra-Soria

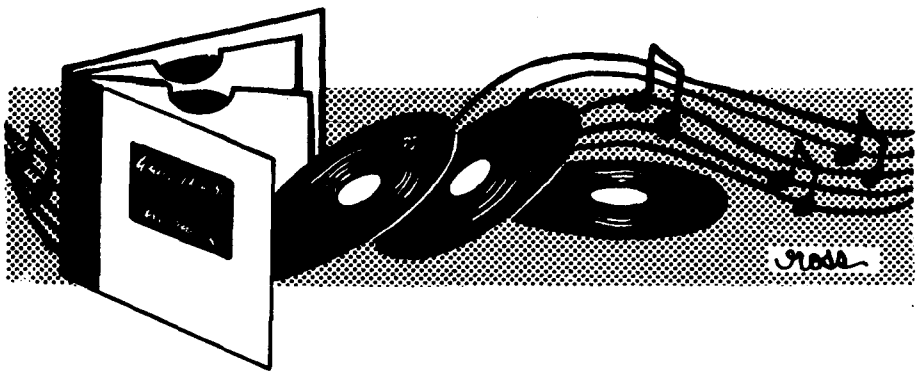
AS RECORD COMPANIES go nowadays, Cetra-Soria is venerable, almost five years old. Thus, its establishment antedated the arrival of LP, although LP is responsible—along with the prudent good sense and discriminating choice of repertory by Dario Soria—for the company's recent growth and success. Originally, Soria imported pressings of Cetra recordings directly from Italy. The first Cetras sold here in 1946 were a collection of arias sung by Ferruccio Tagliavini. Each disc cost over three dollars, 78 rpm, a scant four minutes per side. The discrimination shown in the selection of this initial album was not less real for leaning more to mercantile aspects than to musical, and it paved the way for "Falstaff" and "Elektra." Tagliavini is an Italian tenor of good voice and growing *réclame* in an age when this beast is becoming rare. Everyone who listens to the Cetra-Soria "Elektra" or "Nabucco" should, in decent recognition, give thanks to this leading tenor who does not sing in them.

Following further importations of records by Tassinari, Tajo, Stignani, and Pagliughi came a complete "Forza del Destino" and the Mozart Requiem, which initiated a trend toward works rather than performers as the specialty of the house. The discs, recorded in Italy and pressed in America, were quickly dubbed (some excisions being made from "La Forza") with notable care into LP's.

Here was the real birth of Cetra-Soria. The importation of pressings from Italy lapsed. On the new American pressings the hyphenated name Cetra-Soria supplanted the former Cetra. The name is appropriate, for it is truly a joint enterprise, Cetra representing the Italian Radio with trained singers and an excellent orchestra at their disposal, Soria having a market for the new conquering LP's in the land of the dollar. At the beginning, works were carefully chosen to avoid conflict with other recorded repertories, and while that policy to a degree continues, the inclusion of standard operas like the "Barber" and "Lucia," and the announcement of a forthcoming "Aida" and "Otello," show the company's confidence in the quality of their recordings.

Most American pressings (on 78's) of Italian operas recorded in Italy were woefully lacking in one respect or another. This was generally to be found in a failure of the casts, the two large rival companies being reciprocally injurious in recording the same work with different singers when there were not enough capable singers to go around. Such is not customarily the case with Cetra-Soria, most of whose operatic casts are notable for a pleasing homogeneity of talent, controlled by conductors familiar with their ways and consistently able although unfamiliar to American audiences for the most part until the advent of their records. The purely instrumental works are entrusted to organizations of a quality equivalent to similar American groups.

It should be understood that it is harder to put the musical and dramatic complexities of opera into a satisfactory recording than any other kind of music, including emphatically the solo piano. In opera the engineers are repeatedly confronted with problems of unifying vast and disparate groups sounding to counter-effect: a divided orchestra punctuating by *sforzati* a sustained duet between soprano and tenor, with a continuous *sotto voce* chorus in the background. We expect this to be assembled musically and delivered intelligibly. This is the task Cetra-Soria set for itself and has realized with considerable, sometimes remarkable, if not continous success.



DUBBINGS from 78's were terminated quickly in favor of directly commissioned works recorded on tape and transferred to discs. We can discern in the Cetra-Soria program a cultivated and intelligent concept of operatic repertory based primarily on Italy. Let us examine the Cetra-Soria output and see how well the intelligent repertory has been realized acoustically and in performance. By October 1 a total of 101 LP's will have been issued, three of which are ten inch. Twenty-seven composers are represented in thirty-three complete operas, four operatic abridgments, and twenty non-operatic compositions. In addition, there are nine records containing collections of efforts by Tajo, Siepi, Tagliavini, Tassinari, Stignani, Rossi-Lemeni, and Masini. The abridgments are "La Forza del Destino," "Rigoletto," "Cenerentola," and "La Gioconda." The output of any record company consists of three general divisions: admirable, acceptable with reservations, and inadequate. All companies wish to have their production entirely in the first category; of course, no company has such a production. The Cetra proportion in this category is unusually large. Heading the list for consisent merit in performance and acoustical accuracy of reproduction are these, not necessarily in order of merit:

"Falstaff." This LP set, No. 1207, is in the writer's opinion the most valuable item in the catalogue, for of the truly great works it receives the best treatment from its interpreters and engineers, although it is not one of the newest of the company's recordings. The general tonal quality is most appropriately burly. The cast is good with some members excellent, and the drive of the conductor, Mario Rossi, is unrelentingly energetic.

"La Serva Padrona" (LP 50036). The charming musical farce which created a style in music is played and sung with capital stylization in a fine, clean recording.

"Nabucco" (LP set 1216). This creation of the young Verdi contains much more than hints of the indefatigable contriver of the straightforward dramatic music of his long middle period. Two of the choruses are famous, and the orchestra is used resourcefully and inventively. It is probably the best operatic recording in the Cetra-Soria list from an acoustical point of view—spacious and clear.

"Adriana Lecouvreur" (LP set 1218). A skilful libretto and fine third act

(*Continued on page 59*)

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Charleston Revisited

IRVING KOLODIN

LISTENING these September days to the first complete "Porgy and Bess" on records (Columbia LP set 162 $16.73) carries one back to another September sixteen years ago when "Porgy and Bess" was coming into being at the Guild Theatre and Carnegie Hall, where rehearsals were in progress prior to the Boston opening. It was all a dazzling experiment: the first venture of the Theatre Guild with a musical play (Russel Crouse was its press publicist). The most reassuring word came from the veteran publisher Max Dreyfuss, of the house of Harms, who, referring to such recent Broadway offerings as "Of Thee I Sing" and "Let 'Em Eat Cake," with their "book songs" said: "George has been writing his musical comedies lately without hits; now he writes an opera, and it has six hits in it."

Yes, Gershwin had written an "opera," so they invited the music critics to cover the opening. I can still see the slender, immaculately tailed Gershwin in the lobby between acts, accepting congratulations, but wondering about the reviews. Was it an opera? Was it a folk opera? Was it a play with music? Nobody could agree, and in the disagreement they overlooked the rather patent fact that it was none of these things. It was "Porgy and Bess."

The hits carried it for a while (120 performances) and then it quietly closed. There was too much dialogue, some said; it had an anti-climactic ending, others said. So it closed, and Gershwin had no opportunity before he died in 1937 to put into the practice of another score what he had learned from writing "Porgy." Unlike other "hits" of the day, "Summertime," "I Got Plenty of Nothin'," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and the rest steadfastly refused to die. You could even hear them on records, sung by Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson.

Then came the 1942 revival of "Porgy" and an outpouring of enthusiasm rarely lavished on any production in those pre-"Oklahoma!," pre-"South Pacific" days. Gershwin dead was what Gershwin alive had never been — a genius. The edited score, with some of the dialogue cut, found an audience it had not known before. With Todd Duncan and Anne Brown once more in their original parts, it ran on and on through most of the war (384 performances in New York alone, eleven weeks in Chicago, etc.). Decca ventured a series of "original cast" excerpts when such procedure was virtually unknown. Later on, when the company came back to New York after a long road tour, it made some more. There was then nearly an hour of "Porgy" on records. Still, if you wanted to hear "There's a Steamboat Leavin' Soon for New York," the only version available was one in which the lady named Ramona accompanied herself at the piano, on a Liberty disc.

THANKS to LP and the imagination of Goddard Lieberson, that is now all a chapter of history. Like even the best steak, masterpieces have to "set" a while for all their flavor to become apparent. To my taste, "Porgy and Bess" has not previously had such vitality, richness, and variety as it does in this creation of 1951. It is almost impossible to speak this way about the present performance without disparaging, if only by implication, the work of those hardy pioneers who took the bad with the good in the first impact of an unprecedented work on an unsuspecting public. Let us leave the question of relative merit by saying that, by the standards of 1936, Smallens and Company carried the banner of Gershwin to impressive heights; Lehman Engel and Company have certainly profited from that example to do what all artistic endeavor invites—improvement on the previous best.

I don't attribute this to any inherent superiority of the personnel utilized by Columbia. Enthusiasts for years to come will be arguing the merits of Todd Duncan vs. Lawrence Winters, Anne Brown vs. Camilla Williams, Smallens vs. Engel. Note, however, the subtle but crucial factor that the new recording was created in full partnership with the microphone; this mechanical factor has rarely contributed so strikingly to the effect of any musical enterprise as it does to this one.

It pokes its ear inquiringly into the middle of Gershwin's sometime muddied orchestration and shows us what he was trying to accomplish rather than what he did accomplish in terms of the muffled orchestra pit; it brings to the attention, as part of a continuous sound pattern, the many pertinent community noises—dice on the floor, a door slam, grunts and groans, ominous thunder—that register much clearer in the living room than they ever did in an aisle seat. Above all, it creates a fanciful aura for each individual listener in which the whole drama, perversely, becomes even more real than it has been in the theatre.

It also conveys some vocally eloquent, dramatically true character creation by Winters and Williams (who almost does the impossible for

Camilla Williams and Lawrence Winters—"improvement on the previous best."

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a cultivated singer—that is, to forget her cultivation), and it restores to currency such unforgettable elements of the very first "Porgy" as Edward Matthew's Jake, Warren Coleman's nasty Crown, and J. Rosamond Johnson's self-important Lawyer. In Inez Matthews, well-remembered from "Lost in the Stars," we have a Serena who almost matches the amazing fervor of the short-lived Ruby Elzy. No matter how I try, however, I can't accept the phony theatricalism of Avon Long as anything like the natural ebullience and slyness of John Q. Bubbles's "Sporting Life," though Long is now a vastly more accomplished performer than he was a decade ago.

NEEDLESS to say, no evaluation of "Porgy" would be meaningful without consideration of the chorus, which has more to do in the three hours of this score than in any work save "Boris." That, perhaps, is the most stirring thing about this recording: the tremendous conviction of the dirges and the jubilations, the quiet of Catfish Row when Porgy and Bess are mated, and the terrors in the presence of the police. Even those who think they know their "Porgy" will find much that is unfamiliar in this recording, which includes more of Gershwin's mammoth printed score than ever was heard in the theatre, though some repetitions are still bypassed.

One problem remains to be considered: the elision of all references to "nigger," even between members of the same race. Whether it is justice to a period piece to amend it this way, I doubt, although the producers assert that they have the consent of Ira Gershwin, whose wonderful lyrics remain a high point of such work in the American theatre and a trailblazer for much of the naturalism that has since blessed our stage. I confess I would have doubtless overlooked the alterations had I not been following the recordings with the original score and text.

There probably never was such a Charleston as Gershwin imagined, and he didn't get all of it down on music paper in perfect order. All he did, however, is on these discs—the aura and atmosphere of a place, given voice in a work of teeming originality, which sometimes falters and sometimes fails, but almost overpowers with its abundance and its freshness. In rendering it with such justice, Columbia has given us an object lesson in transferring a stage work to discs which, we hope, they will remember when next they confront a "legitimate" opera.

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"Venus de Milo" Mozart

IF I invoke the image of the celebrated lady of Melos to compliment Columbia for its enterprise in giving us up-to-date versions of "Die Zauberflöte" (LP set 115, $16.73) and "Le Nozze di Figaro" (LP set 114, $16.73) from Vienna, it should not be forgotten, forgiven, or overlooked that — like the statue — these versions, though beautiful, are grievously incomplete. Neither has the *recitativo secco;* with the result that the Mozart enthusiast is just about where he has been for the past decade, in a childlike atmosphere of "excerpts," with no more nor less in either case than has been available from the Beecham "Zauberflöte" or the Busch "Figaro." These are, in other words, concert sequences of musical numbers rather than sequential operas.

All this cuts the more keenly because the two casts are about as good as the world can provide just now. Herbert von Karajan is an expert (if not a master) hand with the baton, and the recording is a substantial improvement on the 1935 Glyndebourne standard and an appreciable one on the Berlin-Beecham. Unfortunately, neither of RCA's promised LP transfers of the latter-mentioned recordings has yet appeared, so direct comparisons must wait for another month.

As there is more than a little duplication of personnel in the two works, they may well be grouped together. Irmgard Seefried is the Pamina-Susanna, and close to impeccable as both. Her singing of the second-act scene in "Figaro" with the Count (George London) is a highlight that dazzles even in the brightness of its suroundings. Erich Kunz is a Papageno-Figaro, and if he sounds even better as the first than the second, it is only because I am able to visualize him in the feathered costume he wears so well. His is less a virtuoso voice than that which Gerhard Hüsch gave to the Beecham "Zauberflöte" (whose wouldn't be?), but there is appreciably more gayety in his characterization, every bit of it welcome. Other duplications show London as a superb Almaviva (such rolling tones!) and an adequate Sprecher, and Sena Jurinac somewhat miscast as Cherubino but excellent as the First Lady. To round out the "Figaro" cast we have Elizabeth Schwartzkopf as a finely accomplished Countess, an excellent Dr. Bartolo in the person of W. Felden, and Elizabeth Höngen as Marcellina. In the treacherous role of Queen of the Night, Columbia offers Wilma Lipp, a good and hard-working singer, but hardly the scintillant one for the part that Erna Berger was in her Berlin days. Comparison shows that both have a little tentativeness about the roulades in the upper octave (Lipp rushes them, Berger poises ever so slightly to get set), but the older singer has more metal in her tones with which to suggest the rage of the offended Queen.

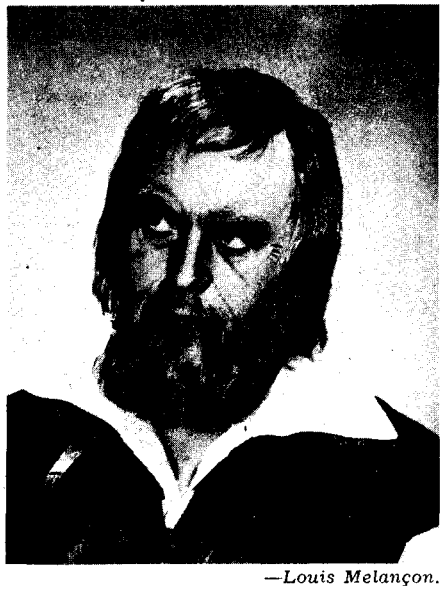
For that matter, the whole of Beecham's "Zauberflöte" has more thrust and spirit than Karajan's, as Busch's "Figaro" has a fleeter pace where the quality is desirable. Hearing them "cold," both the Karajan "Figaro" and Zauberflöte" impress one for the care and detail of the conducting, its musicianship and culture; it is only by comparison that one comprehends what exceptional specialists both Busch and Beecham were when they made their recordings.

What, then, is "The Word"? Assuming that the RCA Victor LP's will preserve the best qualities of the older versions and magnify somewhat their acoustical virtues, I'm inclined to think that the "Zauberflöte" of Beecham will quite keep its place of eminence and Busch's leadership continue to appeal to more people than Karajan's. On the other hand, the distribution of talent is decidedly more even in the Vienna "Figaro," and there is a good deal to be heard of Mozart's score that was lost to the microphone at Glyndebourne. Basically, Columbia could have made all these comparisons academic had they produced the works integrally; their failure to do so merely leaves a continuing place for the older versions and an opportunity for some future enterprise to do the job as it should be done.

HOWEVER, it will have to be considerably better than the current "Figaro" from Cetra-Soria (LP set 1219, $17.85) to match the musical standards we admire in Busch and Karajan as well as rendering the text in fairly complete form. There is some *recitativo secco* in this version (also some peculiar omissions), but the weakest link in the chain is at the most sensitive spot—the direction of Fernando Previtali. He doesn't have the schooling in this style to take appropriate tempi from one episode to another, and when he does achieve one (inadvertently, almost) he's soon off to another as if not sure that he's right. In any case, the singers at their best —Italo Tajo as Figaro, Sesto Bruscantini as Almaviva, and Gabriella Gatti as the Countess— hardly match their opposite numbers of either version, and the Susanna of Alda Noni and the Cherubino of Jolanda Gardino just aren't good enough. Clear recording and good balance, for those who are interested nevertheless.

Urania's current contribution to the gayety of nations is nothing less than a full-length "Meistersinger" of Dresden origin (LP set 206, $35.70). It is easily the best-sounding thing this firm has produced, and it has at least two elements of substantial quality: the conducting of Rudolph Kempe and the Sachs of Ferdinand Frantz. It also has the generally admirable Kurt Böhme as Pogner, and the authoritative if worn-voiced Tiana Lemnitz as Eva. Heinrich Pflanzl is a better than average Beckmesser and Gerhard

Von Karajan—"care and detail."



—*Louis Melançon.*

Ferdinand Frantz—"substantial quality."

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Unger sings much of David's music capably. Unfortunately, Bernd Aldenhoff is a much too typical German tenor, with a full assortment of the unpleasant sounds we can best describe as Alec Templetones.

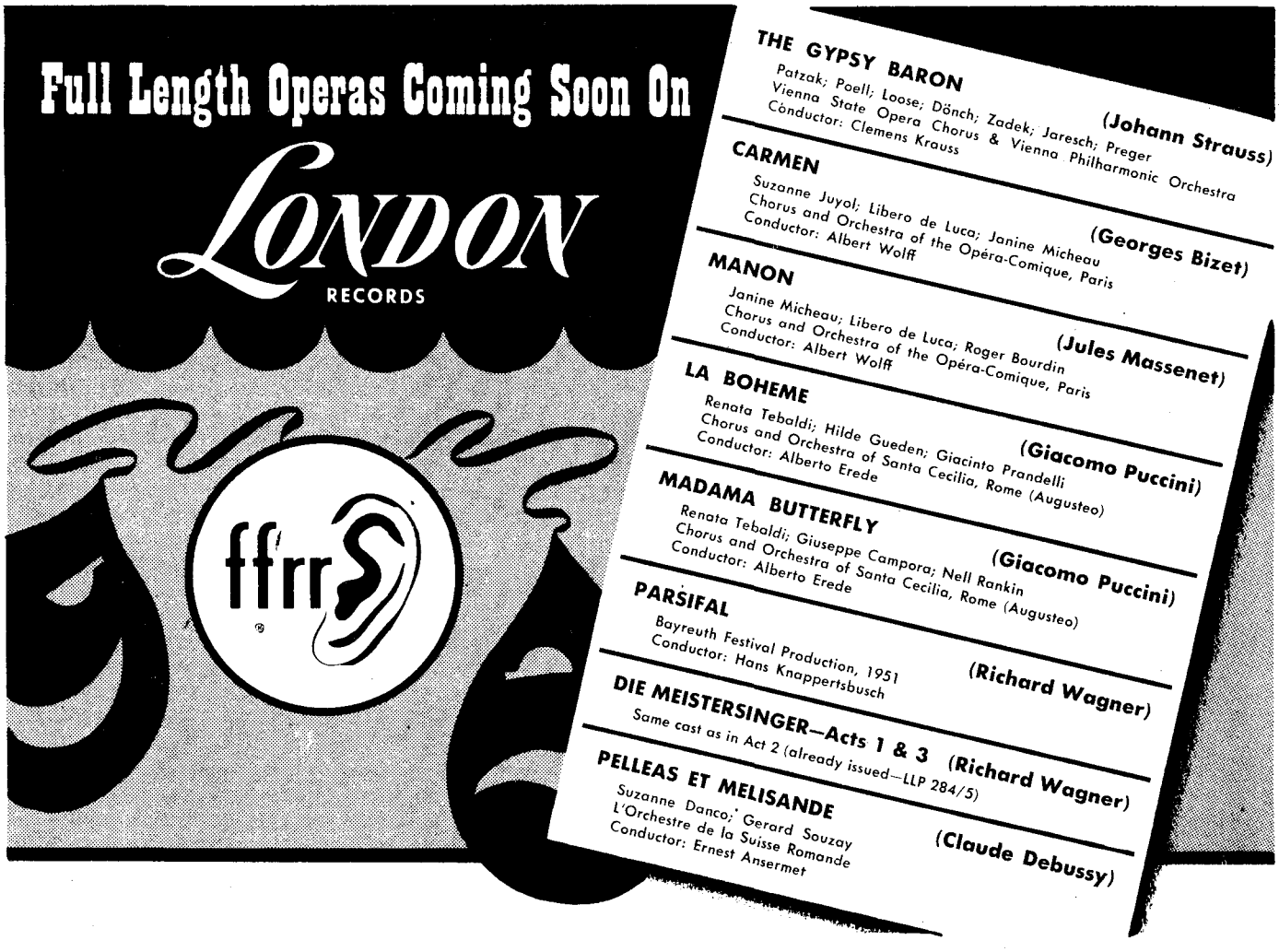
Nevertheless, it is hard to discount the potent strength of the excellent orchestra, the mammoth chorus, and the ensemble as a whole. However, the solo singers are almost always too close to the microphone, and the orchestra is sadly undervalued save where it is heard alone. The lack of adequate planning or reconsideration is evident wherever subtlety is called for. When the score says, apropos of Beckmesser's lute, "He strums furiously," absolutely nothing is heard; again, when Sachs is directed to sing "very softly" in "Wahn, Wahn," Frantz booms out as loud as ever.

The basic fact is that Urania is asking a tariff attuned to the standards of care and selection associated with studio recording of the usual kind; here the purchaser is paying primarily for the genius of Richard Wagner, who is entitled to more than is granted to him. As we are still to have the completion of the London version with Schoeffler and Gueden, together with another complete set (Columbia) derived from Bayreuth, anybody who cannot wait a month or so to invest his thirty-five dollars plus has only himself to blame.

Kempe's understanding conducting is also the notable element of a Urania "Freischütz" (LP set 403, $14.55), which comes closer to being a complete opera than either of its predecessors. Here Aldenhoff bays even less convincingly as Max (he is, oddly, a sensitive musician, but hardly a vocalist at all), and the consequences offset any virtues in the gruff Bohnenish Caspar of Böhme or the really virtuoso recording of the "Wolf Glen" episode. Neither Irma Beilke (Annchen) nor Elfriede Trötschel (Agathe) has the kind of voice one wants to hear repeatedly—if at all—and the overpowering reproduction gives passages of heavy sound an irritating screech.

Taking all things together, the soundest solution of a given operatic problem this month may be found in Columbia's "Pagliacci," which strikes me as the best of the Metropolitan-affiliated tasks it has done (LP set 113, $10.90). The bright particular star is unquestionably Richard Tucker, who sings a Canio of style, spirit, and truly gorgeous voice; and the orchestral conducting of Fausto Cleva is close akin to it in temperament and conscience. Giuseppe Valdengo labors somewhat with the "Prologo," but sings well thereafter; and Lucine Amara provides a pretty, young voice for Nedda, if not much dramatic characterization. Prevailingly, however, the aural and acoustical problems are tastefully managed, in a recording powerfully poised, invariably efficient.

One consequence of such a recording is the obligation it puts upon the critical listener to measure the recorded work against the score. My incredulous discovery was that neither the high A nor G which Valdengo labors so manfully to produce in the "Prologo" is actually in the text; they were doubtless added by some such virtuoso as Ruffo, who could sing them as easily as not. What a trade, where the undesirable becomes the expected and the freakish is established as the norm! Leoncavallo, it appears, is not quite the vulgarian his interpreters have made him out to be. A little round of mouth-washing with soap might have some useful results. —I. K.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A Special Cup of Mr. T

IT WAS no part of our intention last month to make this edition of the column a continued story, but events have done it for us: on top of recordings of Louis Armstrong's 1947 concert in Boston's Symphony Hall, we have waxings of his incandescent operation in New York's Town Hall during the same period. They comprise one of RCA Victor's series called "A Treasury of Immortal Performances" (this batch is WPT-9 [45 rpm], $3.80). It is a measure of the high order of acceptance which first-class hot jazz has received that Victor's choice of the high-powered adjective "immortal" scarcely raises so much as a blush on the delicate verbal sensibilities of this department. After all, if remote posterity doesn't enjoy Armstrong as much as we do, it will be posterity's loss, not ours.

And again, this month as last, we are especially impressed with the trombonistic genius of Jack Teagarden. Armstrong one expects to be great. A motor nervous reaction, if nothing else, would supply the judgment. Teagarden, perhaps because of his contained personality—though that can only be part of it—, one tends to take somewhat for granted. What an egregious error. In this album there are six sides, all tremendously vitalized by the band's contact with a live audience—"Ain't Misbehavin'," "Pennies from Heaven," "Rockin' Chair," "Back o' Town Blues," "Save It, Pretty Mama," and "St. James Infirmary." They are all charged and glowing, and "St. James Infirmary" is virtually a solo for trombone, voice, and half-trombone-with-tumbler* by Jack Teagarden. It is one of the most floridly lovely works in jazz literature. One is emphatically reminded that there *are* grand masters in this art, persisting for twenty years or more through all the shifts of popularity, and through difficult personal and professional hazards.

One master who wore himself out in 1943 with the sheer gusto of his persistence was, of course, the late Thomas "Fats" Waller. Most deservedly another of RCA Victor's "immortals" (his album number is WPT-8 [45 rpm], $4.90), he is represented by eight sides of which all but one are played by Fats's effervescent small combination—the numbers include such nuggets as "Darktown Strutters Ball" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter." The eighth and exceptional side I had never happened to hear before, and it is a charmer. This is "The Jitterbug Waltz," a Waller composition, in which the composer takes to the Hammond organ, with the fastidious assistance of his guitarist Casey and, eventually, of a twelve-piece band. As a confessed hater of the maudlin air with which many of its lovers approach the Hammond organ, I can only say that Fats conducts the most glancing and impertinent flirtation with the instrument, that the waltz itself is a fetching tidbit, and that the twelve side men are used with a discretion which is a very rare thing in contemporary big-band music.

The guitarist Les Paul and his "New Sound" have recently been something of a sensation in popular musical and juke box circles, and there now appears Volume 2 of the "New Sound," exhibiting Paul and his partner Mary Ford's attention to such standards as "Three Little Words," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "That Lonesome Road," "Moon of Manakoora," "In the Good Old Summertime," and "La Rosita" (Capital LP 286, $2.98). There are jacket references to a "secret technique" and to a "fantastic multi-instrument technique," and we have no exact idea of what is meant, although we have heard rumors that Mr. Paul and Miss Ford play and sing all the parts between them, by the process of re-recording. (Sidney Bechet made a one-man-band record in this fashion several years ago.) We do, however, have our own clear impression of the "New Sound." It does not sound to us so new as it does ivy-clad—the sound of an old-fashioned college banjo-mandolin club, with two or three very tricky performers in the front row and some girls over from the Kappa Kappa Gamma house to lend amorous voices and the flow of their white dresses. We have always found such collegiate ensembles rather tepid entertainment; Les Paul has any amount of technical ingenuity, but a great deal less style and drive than such hot plectrum bands as The Spirits of Rhythm or the Talbot Brothers of Bermuda.

Two long playing anthologies of Bing Crosby called "Down Memory Lane" whetted our appetite, but it seems to us that Volume 1 contains only one really ranking tune—"When Day Is Done"—and that Volume 2 has only two—"September Song" and "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" (Decca LP 5340 and 5343, $3 apiece). The business of transferring the huge Crosby library to long-players undoubtedly presents its problems, and other listeners will doubtless prefer other songs in these discs; we merely note our choices, and the fact that everything included is indubitable Crosby.

Buddy de Franco, clarinetist-leader of an exceptionally smooth West Coast dance orchestra with many delicately boppish intimations, has recorded Jerome Kern's "Make Believe" and "Why Do I Love You?" (M-G-M 11043, 89c). And Raymond Scott has directed a tasteful dance arrangement of the graceful "Mountain High, Valley Low" which he and Bernard Hanighen wrote for "Lute Song" (M-G-M 11036, 89c).

—WILDER HOBSON.

* This unorthodox technique consists in removing the bell half of the trombone and playing the slide half into a water glass. The result, as Teagarden achieves it, is a tone of muffled, acrid, nostalgic special appeal.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Jack Teagarden—"there *are* grand masters in this art."

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With Orchestra by Fritz Reiner

BRAHMS: *"Alto Rhapsody." Marian Anderson, alto, with RCA Orchestra and Chorus directed by Fritz Reiner.* (RCA Victor 45-rpm set 1352, $2.70.)

SAINT-SAENS: *Concerto No. 1 in A minor. Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with RCA Victor Orchestra conducted by Fritz Reiner.* (RCA Victor 45-rpm set 1538, $2.70.)

AS OBSERVED elsewhere in this issue (page 58), there seems to be a pattern emerging in which a number of RCA Victor's studio recordings of New York origin will have the collaboration of Fritz Reiner as something like "staff" conductor. Whatever the terminology, the plan has our approval for two patent reasons: RCA Victor's Manhattan Center studio is as good as any concert hall, acoustically, and better than most; given a conductor of Reiner's ability, the "controlled" quality of sound possible under such circumstances will outdo the average "location" recording, to the best interests of all concerned—save, perhaps, other conductors.

Here, for example, we have the odd instance of Marian Anderson undertaking to surpass not one but two previous versions by herself of Brahms's brooding work, and quite successfully doing so. That she does not, as well, shake our conviction that Kathleen Ferrier is the inspired voice of this generation for this music is, perhaps, beside the point; the relative values are so close that I don't doubt that there will be just as many persons who prefer Anderson's effort.

The difference between the two, if it can be reduced to a phrase, is that the Anderson sumptuousness of sound is almost disembodied, super-human; Ferrier's rather more embodied in a timbre altogether human. Thus far, neither has appeared on LP. The Ferrier version with Clemens Krauss may be awaiting a remake before London will venture it in consecutive form; the Anderson requires a disc-partner not now available. As sound, this 45-rpm is unquestionably good.

For orchestral discipline and a quality of attention-attraction rarely to be found in concerto accompaniments, the work of the orchestra under Reiner in the Saint-Saëns is no less excellent than it is in the Brahms. The difference is, of course, that with material of lesser substance to work with, the challenge to the conductor is substantially heightened. One who can maintain such pace and efficiency in a recording is indeed an asset to such a venture.

For Piatigorsky, too, this is a remake (he, a comparative novice, did it only once before), and an opportunity to justify such words as "immaculate, incisive" which were previously applied to his version with Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony. He not only does so, but actually adds to technical *esprit* and tonal majesty a quality of magnetism too often lacking in his playing of Beethoven and Brahms. The gentle, winning Allegretto con moto is particularly well played, with all the orchestral values in their place under and around the swooping ease of Piatigorsky's solo singing.

Considering these and other recent efforts from Manhattan Center, RCA's engineers have apparently mastered all the idiosyncrasies of this room, and may be held to similarly high standards in the future. If there is a remaining blemish, it is in a slight tendency to excess resonance; better that, however, than a want of it. —I. K.

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Recordings in Review

Strauss by Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Don Quixote." The composer conducting the Bavarian State Orchestra.* (Decca LP 9539, $5.85.)

CONSIDERING Richard Strauss's repute as a conductor—and deservedly so in this opinion—there are dismally few examples of his ability to validate the legend for posterity. The reason, of course, is simple enough; he was close to seventy when recording still considered representative today came into being, and sufficiently well off not to yearn for secondary activities. The famous series he did for Polydor in the late Twenties would probably have little more than curiosity value today, no matter how skilfully retouched. Hence the importance and interest of this thoughtful, well-controlled, and wholly individual treatment of perhaps his greatest score. Moreover, though the date of origin is unspecified, it has the sound of Deutsche Grammophon recordings made in the early Forties and can reasonably sustain comparison with the more recent Beecham or the Reiner of approximately the same date (neither of which, as an oddity, has yet been LPed).

Not unlike Stravinsky's treatment of his own works, Strauss's direction is less concerned with texture than with substance: the lyric thread of this score is consistently predominant rather than its virtuosities of scoring, and the ultimate effect is poetic indeed. O. Uhl, solo cellist, is not in the class of Feuermann, Piatigorsky, or Tortellier (the phonograph standard in such matters) but both he and the violist (P. Haass) are well qualified to carry out the composer's desires. If Decca has access to any more masters of this quality, they should let us have them.

Encore Auvergne

CANTELOUBE: *"Songs of the Auvergne." Gladys Swarthout, mezzo, with Jean Paul Morel, conductor.* (RCA Victor 45-rpm set 1540, $3.80.)

HAVING ventured finally to give the public a sampling of these exquisite songs (Miss Swarthout, I believe, has had them in her possession, if not in her repertory, for a decade and a half), the least one might hope is that the singer would go a bit beyond the area so well cultivated by Madeleine Grey—more recently, but not so well, by Susan Reed—and pick us a few new blossoms. But, one and all, the six she offers are those favored by her predecessors: "Passo pel Prat," "L'Aio de Rotzo," "L'Antouèno," "Brezairola," "Malurous qu'o uno fenno," and "Bailero." Those alarmed by the possibility that Miss Swarthout might seize this opportunity to display her Carmenish chest tones may be relieved to know that she sings them simply, eloquently, and with fine restraint. Jean Morel's feeling for the orchestral values of Canteloube's arrangements is both subtle and sympathetic, the recording excellent. What results does not have the special poignance of the Grey expressions, but in their concerty way they are highly attractive. The present issue on 45 rpm will be supplemented by an LP when a disc-mate is available.

A Viennese "Missa"

BEETHOVEN: *"Missa Solemnis." Otto Klemperer conducting the Vienna Symphony and Akademie Choir, with Ilona Steingruber, soprano, Else Schuerhoff, alto, Ernest Majkut, tenor, and Otto Wiener, basso.* (Vox LP set 6990, $11.90.)

ONE OF the profounder ironies of the phonograph in these days of tapes and LP's is that the more imposing the work, the more musical substance it contains, the less attention per bar of music is it likely to command from some manufacturers. A Scarlatti sonata or a Chopin prelude will be labored over and cultivated to a technical (at least) perfection. But a "Meistersinger" or a "Missa" is likely to face the world more or less as it came to pass on a given day (or couple of days).

Here, for example, we have a first-rate conception of the work from Klemperer; fair enough, if not blindingly brilliant soloists, an excellent chorus, and a pretty good acoustic arena. Together they should make a properly impressive "Missa," and it is quite possible they would have if the technicians had had all the time to solve the many different kinds of problems that arise in recording such a complex work as this. Thus, the orchestra sounds quite good when playing alone, the chorus has clarity in its own passages, and the quartet has a fair enough blend by itself.

Gladys Swarthout—"simply, eloquently."

Get them all going together, however, and you have a rather unwieldy mass of sound in which proper distribution of prominence is sacrificed to the predominance of whichever element happens to impinge on the microphone—generally the chorus. However, if only for Klemperer, the performance is a substantial improvement on those the phonograph has offered previously.

The Voice of Klose

SCHUBERT: *"Nachtgesang," and other songs. Margarete Klose, alto, with piano.* (Urania LP 7017, $5.95.)

FOR THE matter as well as the manner of this disc, assurance may be offered that Klose still has the voice to handle Schubert's "Fragment aus dem Aeschylus," "Geistertanz," "Iphigenie," and "Der König in Thule," which are among his most demanding songs. If anything, one imagines she might sound even better were the recording more faithful. I cite the muffled sound of the piano as evidence to the thesis that less than complete justice has been done to Klose. In the overside sequence of arias—the "Lament" from Monteverdi's "Arianna," "Ombra mai fu" from Handel's "Serse," and "Che farò senza Euridice" from Gluck's "Orfeo"—the expanse and dramatic accent of Klose's imposing organ are reminiscent of another Margarete, whose last name was Matzenauer. This is noble singing in a grand manner too seldom heard today. It almost makes one immune to the German text for the Monteverdi, which gives it an oddly Wagnerian aspect (something between Fricka and Kundry). However. "Ach, ich habe sie verloren" for

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"Che farò senza Euridice" cannot be transmuted into anything but a caricature of the original.

Symphony or Duo?

SCHUBERT: *"Symphony" in C, Opus 140. Felix Prohaska conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* (Vanguard LP 417, $5.95.)

WHETHER or not one accepts this as the lost "Gastein" Symphony of Schubert or merely Joseph Joachim's musically intelligent effort to make an orchestral work out of the Duo, Opus 140, for two pianos, needn't deflect one from the essential concern: How good a piece of music is it, in either case? My answer is: Variable. The scherzo and finale are certainly better than the sections which precede them, but they are hardly as interesting as such underplayed works as Schubert's symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5. Vanguard has marshalled the best possible evidence for its case by reprinting the commentary on this work by Donald Francis Tovey (from the first volume of his "Musical Analysis" series). It might, however, have amplified the information by citing the year of the Gastein visit (1824) which Tovey did not have occasion to mention. Prohaska's performance is an energetic one, and the recording sustains the good repute Vanguard won in "Des Knaben Wunderhorn."

Reintroducing Albert Wolff

BERLIOZ: *"Benvenuto Cellini" Overture; also overtures by Lalo, Massenet, etc. Albert Wolff conducting the Opéra-Comique Orchestra.* (London LP 355, $5.95.)

THOUGH he should need no introduction, Albert Wolff is a conductor of so many careers that he has, in a sense, outlived several and is presently on the brink of a new round of celebrity thanks to the phonograph. A conductor at the Opéra-Comique since the early years of the century, he actually succeeded Pierre Monteux at the Metropolitan Opera thirty years ago, and thereafter returned to Paris to make a number of recordings in the early electric era, while presiding over the Lamoureux Orchestra and becoming chief conductor of the Opéra-Comique.

What has happened to him since (save in the most general terms) we have not traced; but his performances here of the Berlioz "Benvenuto Cellini," Lalo's "Roi d'Yys," Massenet's "Phédre" Overture, and Preludes to "Werther" and the "Princesse Jaune" of Saint-Saëns are those of a musician of taste and sensitivity. Of least excellence (though very well done) is the Berlioz overture, which asks a little more breadth at some points than Wolff permits; but the "Roi d'Ys" of Lalo, the gaudy "Phèdre," and, most of all, the jaunty "Princesse Jaune" are ample evidence that Wolff's powers are still consequential.

London's recording here calls for some close consideration. The disc is another in the Famous Overtures series which is plainly meant to be ear-catching, and the initial series of Von Suppe by Georg Solti was all of that. This one, however, sponsors a kind of sharpness in sound we hadn't previously associated with FFRR, mingling excellent brass definition with attenuated string tone.

Gay, But Not So Rich

GAY: *"The Beggar's Opera." Max Goberman conducting, with a cast including Philip Bourneuf, Betty Garde, and Leon Janney (actors), Irwin Dillon, Mary Davenport, and Emile Renan (singers).* (Desto LP set 1, $17.85.)

"THE Beggar's Opera" has been a durable entertainment for well over two centuries, and its qualities of cynical wit, opposite-end morality, and musical fun are just as marketable for laughter and reflection today. The present version favors us with sixty-nine songs ("numbers" would be a better description, for some of them are very brief) and enough of the dialogue to make the dramatic progress evident. Double casts are utilized, on the theory that vocalists who can manage Gay's tunes are not likely to speak his lines as well as qualified actors. So far we are on sound ground; to which can be added that Max Goberman's musical direction has style and pace, as Frank Papp's direction of the dialogue has suavity and relevant airiness. Individually, however, the actors are much more competent than the singers, which either speaks well for the present state of Thespis or ill for the resources of Clio. Betty Garde is particularly adroit in the lines of Mrs. Peachum, as Philip Borneuf is in Peachum's (not her husband, please; for, as he upbraids their daughter Polly when she announces her wedding to MacHeath, "What would have happened to your father and mother's happiness had they been married?").

—*Bettmann Archive.*

John Gay— durable entertainment."

Those, however, who remember the polished efforts of Audrey Mildmay, Ruby Gilchrist, etc. in the prewar English enterprise are not likely to find Dillon, Davenport, Frances Paige, *et al*, more than amiably well-intentioned. We applaud their intentions but note, nevertheless, that more characterization in the singing, a stronger sense of period and place would provide an illusion not often present here. On the technical side, Goberman's "orchestra" is of very modest size and the recording, though clear, has a rather confined, back-room sound. According to legend, the partnership of John Gay (who wrote it) and John Rich (who produced it) "made Gay rich and Rich gay." Gayety we grant this version, but no abundant riches.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

Tender and Imperial Genius

HANDEL: *"Acis and Galatea." Soloists. choir, and orchestra of the Handel Society of England conducted by Walter Goehr.* (Handel Society LP set 2, $18.85.)

HANDEL: *"Israel in Egypt." Soloists, choir, and orchestra of the Handel Society of England conducted by Walter Goehr.* (Handel Society LP set 1, $11.90.)

HANDEL-SCHOENBERG: *Concerto for String Quartet, and Orchestra;* also BACH-MOZART: *Adagios and Fugues, K. 404 A. Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles conducted by Werner Janssen.* (Columbia LP 4406, $5.45.)

WHEN I called hopefully for complete recordings of major works by Handel [*SRL* June 30] I had no inkling of the imminent release of "Acis

(*Continued on page* 63)

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 65 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "English Suite" No. 4; "French Suite" No. 2. Denise Restout, harpsichord. R-E-B LP 1, $5.95.	Plodding treatment of two Bach works which deserve better than the dutiful but not sufficiently sensitive attention of Miss Restout. The recording is notable for clarity and good balance.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Bruno Walter and the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony. Columbia LP 4414, $5.45.	Another instalment in Walter's personal review of the Beethoven symphonies: a version which strikes me as respectable and dull, with the "energy" laid on from outside, rather than rising out of the conception itself. Powerful recorded sound, wiry string tone.
Bizet: "L'Arlésienne," Suites 1 and 2. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. Columbia LP 4409, $5.45.	Technically accomplished but atmospherically deficient performance, well below the artistic standard of the Beecham which once distinguished the Columbia label. Excellently defined recording of the orchestra, though massed strings should have more sheen and luster than in this and the Columbia disc noted above. What has happened to the Kosti string tone?
Chopin: Preludes. Claudio Arrau, piano. Columbia LP 4420, $5.45.	Arrau may have enthusiasts for this playing of these Preludes, but the mannerisms are excessive for my taste. There is, perhaps, more flash and glitter in the piano sound than Novaës provides (Vox LP 6170), but I prefer the Brazilian view of Chopin to the Chilean.
Dvorak: Concerto in A minor. Nathan Milstein, violin, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati. RCA Victor LP 1147, $5.72.	Fine violin playing by Milstein and efficient assistance from Dorati still leave something wanting in the strength and assertiveness required for this music. The sound is more suave and round than has been customary in recordings of this ensemble.
Haydn: Divertimento in C, Marches, etc. London Baroque Ensemble directed by Karl Haas. Westminster LP 5080, $5.95.	An attractive miscellany of eighteenth-century works by Michael and Josef Haydn, also Boccherini (Flute Quintet in E flat). Highly accomplished playing, splendidly reproduced, though marred by a transfer slightly below pitch.
Liszt: "Funérailles," "Valse Oubliée," etc. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor LP 100, $4.67.	The Horowitz mastership at its most impressive, combining absolute domination of technical problems with the intensity and dramatic sense to make "Funérailles" or the "104th Sonnet of Petrarch" more than a period piece. First-class rendering of the pianist's peculiarly personal sound.
Lully: Arias from "Thésée," "Psyché," "Amadis," "Persée," etc. Catherine Rowe, soprano, and Albert Linville, bass. Lyrichord LP 16, $5.95.	A mine of absorbing material for the Lully enthusiast, providing more of this great composer's music than has been available for years. Both performers treat their tasks with respect, though in neither case is the voice exceptional for quality or timbre. The harpsichord accompaniments tend to become monotonous. Only French texts are provided in the annotation.
Mahler: "Kindertotenlieder." Lorri Lail, mezzo. "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen." Josef Metternich, baritone. Urania LP 7016, $5.95.	As a combination of two affecting works this disc has its attractions, but neither version matches the best available. Lail is a painstaking singer, but hardly the artist that Ferrier is in her memorable performance with Walter. Metternich has a pleasant talent, but he has to strain for top tones while not even coming close to the substance and mood of the Carol Brice-Fritz Reiner LP. Both sides are adequately recorded.
Mozart: Serenades No. 11 and 12 (K.375, 388). Reginald Kell conducting the Kell Chamber Players. Decca LP 9540, $5.85.	Both the works and the pairing duplicate Westminster's LP 5021, in which the players are members of the Vienna Philharmonic. Remarkably enough, the ensemble directed by Kell (they are mostly NBC men) almost duplicates the quality of those excellent performances in a recording of exceptionally rich sound. In a close analysis, I prefer the style and personal expressiveness of the Vienna players.
Schubert: Octet in F. Members of the Vienna Symphony. Vox LP 6970, $5.95.	Whether this is the ultimate in performing quality that can be expected for this beautiful work must remain in abeyance until Westminster issues its treatment, also from Vienna, shortly. Certainly it is a considerable improvement on the Stradivari enterprise noted here last month.
Schubert: "Tod und das Mädchen," etc. Marian Anderson, contralto, with Franz Rupp, piano. RCA Victor LP 98, $4.67.	In the instance of the several songs she has recorded previously—"Tod und das Mädchen," "Ave Maria," and "Die Forelle"—I continue to prefer the earlier versions by the same singer (though it is admittedly startling to hear the alteration of vocal color from "Tod und das Mädchen" to "Die Forelle" in the purposefully contrived sequence of this LP). Though Anderson has no less artistic purpose or sincerity in these efforts, the vocal sound is often erratic, especially in slight but audible deviations from correct pitch. Nevertheless, it is certainly desirable to have performances of the Anderson quality of "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Ständchen," and "Erlkönig," even if belatedly. Rupp's piano playing in the last of these is a model of how such things should be done. The recording is exceptionally good.
Schubert: "Viola," etc. Tiana Lemnitz, soprano, with Michael Raucheisen, piano. Urania 7013, $5.95.	Too little and too late is about all that one can say for the present attention to Lemnitz, unquestionably a great singer and a splendid artist, who should have accepted Edward Johnson's offer of a Met engagement in 1938. Here she sings Schubert's "Viola," "Blumensprache," and "Blumen Schmerz" plus half a dozen Cornelius and Wolf songs with fine art but edgy tones and a wobble that comes close to being the next pitch. Good recording, but of variable color from one song to the next.
Johann Strauss: "Blue Danube," etc. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 68, $4.67.	Fiedler's feeling for the afterbeat is no new thing, but it has sometimes been in abeyance in recent recordings. Here he does the "Blue Danube," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and the "Schatz" waltz from "Ziegeunerbaron" with all his old-time art and authority. The sound, too, is excellent. However, somebody at RCA hasn't yet heard about LP—the "Schatz" waltz is split between the two sides.
Tchaikovsky: Waltzes. Fritz Reiner and the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LP 103, $4.67.	If, as multiplying evidence suggests, Fritz Reiner is to be RCA's "house" conductor, it will certainly be to the benefit of such potpourris as this. Included are the ¾ movement from the Fifth Symphony and excerpts from "Eugen Onegin," "Sleeping Beauty," "Swan Lake," and the "Nutcracker," all executed with fine orchestral efficiency and lively directorial enthusiasm. The recording is an excellent sample of RCA's "Manhattan Center" sound. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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SPAWN OF LP

(*Continued from page 48*)

distinguished Cilea's sincere and major effort from the standard Puccini fare of the period. In general, an able performance, technically in the same class as "Nabucco"—the best class.

"L'Amfiparnasso" (LP 50066). It is not likely that Vecchi's sixteenth-century vaudeville-in-madrigal will ever receive better treatment than that accorded it by the Circolo Musicale of Lecco and the recording supervisors.

"Elektra" (LP set 1209). The frenzy of this wonderful horror with its bitter orchestration and impassioned word is maintained at heroic intensity by Mitropoulos, who, after the composer, has the honors here. Anny Konetzni's voice quivers at the demands Elektra makes on it. The Orchestra of the Florence May Festival is remarkably capable, and massively reproduced.

"I Lombardi" (LP set 1212). Another proficient projection of an early Verdi work which few Americans have had a chance to hear before. The recording is a solid wall of rich sound: it would be absolutely first class if the singers had been given less prominence.

Certain editions, while generally good, are flawed in a major particular which will be repugnant in varying degrees to different music-lovers. (In this category "Elektra" could fairly be included because of an excessive background rumble, but the sumptuosness of Mitropoulos's direction has been assumed to override this effect.) In this class are "Ernani" (LP set 1210), wherein chórus and orchestra have their fine effectiveness injured by injudicious placement of microphones for the solo voices; and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which involves one of those difficult phonographic decisions where consistent virtues must be balanced against a spectacular vice. This album is tonally opulent, Rosina's part is given back to a mezzo, and the direction by Fernando Previtali is lively and integrated. Unfortunately, the tenor, Infantino, accepting the dictation of his name, plays Almaviva as a juvenile delinquent with a fatuous delight in his vocal debaucheries not easy to endure.

IN "La Figlia del Reggimento" (LP set 1213) Donizetti's cheerful military salute to Auber has a vivacious performance featuring a well-trained chorus and orchestra and some particularly agreeable singing by Lina Pagliughi. The tonal qualities are bright and express a fat bass that most Cetra-Soria records possess; but the fourth side is afflicted with a strong intermittent rumble.

The best Mozartian *buffa* outside of Mozart is Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto." It is to be found in LP set 1214 and is far and away the worst accomplishment in the Cetra-Soria catalogue. Bass and treble are absurdly excessive; volume is low. Some excellent singing is obscured by an enormous background rumble. Microphone placement is inept. It should be expunged in favor of a new recording.

Fifty-six of the company's records were heard through for this brief analysis. Average duration per side is 21.5 minutes; the longest side is just short of twenty-nine minutes and the shortest just above ten minutes. Librettos with original text and translation are invariably furnished by Cetra-Soria, and there is a pleasant tendency to employ new translations giving a literal version instead of the loathsome singing versions we have had to endure for so many years. Surfaces are consistently quiet, and no excessive eccentricity was found in any of the discs examined. The company pleases the convenience of collectors by giving albums and notes with every issue, including single-disc editions, without additional cost. This is expensive to the company, but helpful to discophiles in locating their records.

—C. G. BURKE.

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Spotlight on the Moderns

WILLIAM SCHUMAN is a composer with the most serious aims, and he has lost no opportunity to impress this upon us in his choice of the most somber attitudes and in his effort to outdo any music ever written in the intensity and duration of climaxes. "Judith" and "Undertow" (Mercury LP 10088, $4.85) were composed as underpinning for choreography about death and frustration. The ten-year-old Third Symphony (Columbia LP 4413, $5.45) is serious not only in mood but in its exploitation of the weightiest contrapuntal forms, hallowed by tradition. All of them have had a powerful effect when first heard and when reheard. The impact of the three appearing at once in excellent recordings is very considerable indeed. It makes one wonder why Schuman, so successful for about a decade in the concert and publishing fields, has had to wait this long for a proper representation on discs of his works for large orchestra.

At the same time, the enforced seriousness and overwrought climaxes have for some time stood in the way of a proper appreciation of Schuman's undeniably strong creative gifts where this listener is concerned. But until one is prepared to cope with the thorn of the rose it too may be inapproachable for its sweet scent. Having arrived at the point of localizing the hazards in Schuman's music I now find it much easier to listen for the many elements that are rewarding. The new turn his style has taken in the latest of the three works, "Judith," moreover, puts in a solid plea in his favor. The textures are more interesting and differentiated, and musical materials are selected with more discrimination and economy. The consolidation of his better qualities in "Judith" helps one retrospectively to focus attention on them as they occur in the earlier works.

"Judith" was written for the Louisville Orchestra (which has recorded it under Robert Whitney's direction) as a kind of concerto in which the solo "instrument" is a dancer who performs in front of the orchestra. When first given in this form the music thoroughly identified itself with Martha Graham's tortured choreography and seemed as inseparable from the "soloist" as the *ripieno* (accompaniment) in the usual concerto is from its featured instrumentalist. But this turns out not to be so. It belongs to the happy family of dance scores which enjoy their own separate existence.

"Undertow," written for Antony Tudor's ballet, also served the stage action in masterly fashion, but was not so easily transportable to the concert hall. In the present version, which is about half as long as the original, it works very well. A compactness, much needed on purely musical standards, results from the cutting. The composer, conducting the Louisville Orchestra in excellent fashion, makes the form appear especially clear.

The theatre and dramatic style have taken hold of Schuman so thoroughly of late that his Third Symphony seems somewhat far away, though the same personality is reflected in all three works. The symphony is superbly recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Ormandy, and it still makes an impression as a work of some consequence.

NOTHING less than stellar rating goes to the new Columbia LP (4421, $5.45) containing Aaron Copland's latest works in larger form, the Concerto for Clarinet, with orchestra of strings, harp, and piano, and the Quartet for Piano and Strings. The recording promises to reverse the judgment of listeners who were not too convinced by the concert and radio premieres of the concerto. In concert it had a clarinetist unable to cope with it adequately, and on the air it had the incomparable Benny Goodman, for whom it was written, but not the exceptional benefits of its composer as conductor. Copland's conducting talents, with which we are far too unfamiliar, are of no small order. He opens our ears to the abundance and subtlety of the orchestral touches in the opening slow section. The music here is evocative of Satie in a way, but thoroughly characteristic of its composer. The orchestral inspirations, far from being mere embroidery imposed on the musical matter have organic subsistence and impart the loveliest glow.

The jazzy parts indicate how keenly Copland is aware of the sharp-edged, controlled, motoric style of Goodman's old sextet. But curiously these are the sections in which the composer reverts most to his more complex devices of the early Thirties, and with very rewarding results. The spacious solo part vaults over wide areas of the pitch continuum, and Goodman's dy-

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namism in their execution is without parallel even in his own remarkable past accomplishments. Nothing of this was lost, and there was even some gain, after the recording engineers completed their extraordinary work.

The Quartet, being independent of the colloquialisms of jazz, reverts even more noticeably to the period of Copland's greatest ingenuities in the manipulation of abstract materials. Its center of gravity is the exciting scherzo. The more sustained outer movements embody chromatic contours new for Copland. The New York Quartet's performance is first rate. Copland in a more simple and playful mood may be found on a Colosseum LP (1008, $5.95) in his new arrangement of traditional American tunes sung by Randolph Symonette, along with other Americana, including an Ives song. It is a pity that this antedates the Columbia recording, due for release later this year with William Warfield as the singer, for far better results may be anticipated from him.

Schoenberg's Woodwind Quintet (Dial LP 13, $5.95) is almost impossible to perform. The expert musicians of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra were able to put it together only with the modern miracle of tape and the number of splices is likely to remain a record high for some time to come. Preoccupied with notes and phrases they neglected color and longer line, but even so the recording is a rare feat and probably as good as we may expect. We will no doubt be told that the task for the listener is equally difficult, and infinite devotion and time are the conditions for its appreciation. But part of the difficulty for the winds is a method of writing that is not at all germane to them, and the horn follows a certain German tradition that is entirely without grace. The shape of the music is amorphous even in terms of Schoenberg's most advanced accomplishment. A future generation, having mastered the means for playing such complex music, may deploy more beauty in it than our instrumentalists can today. But it is hard to believe that the sensitive ear of Schoenberg when he was at his best was operating when he wrote his Quintet.

BERG'S "Der Wein" (Capitol LP 8150, $3.98), as we might expect, offers atonal procedures in much more accessible form than a Schoenberg work in twelve-tone technique like the Quintet. This concert aria, written a few years after "Wozzeck," when Berg was at the height of his powers, comes off effectively and is unusually integrated for music in this idiom. In the performance by Charlotte Boerner and the Janssen Symphony conducted by Werner Janssen it is pleasant to listen to. As in the case of the "Wozzeck" excerpts recorded by the same parties, it is a bit too pleasant, easy, and affable. The performers fail to convey the enveloping lushness of the score and the bitter-sweetness that recalls, in the few night-club allusions, the decadent jazz of Weill's German works. Charlotte Boerner again sings with very pure and beautiful quality of tone and stunning accuracy of pitch in the most exacting intervals. But there is insufficient legato for a warm result, and there is more in the score than the conductor brings to our attention. Someone had the incredibly "bright" idea of devoting one side of the LP to commentary on the music by Alfred Frankenstein. Though always an admirer of the California critic's program notes, I see no point in giving recording space to something no one is likely to want to hear more than once or twice. The college trade was no doubt the aim, since the talk might conceivably be useful for one session each year in a modern music course, allowing teacher to smoke a cigarette in the corridor while it is on.

THE summer's gains for Hindemith in the recording field have not been great, though he has two new LP's to his credit. The Fourth String Quartet (Concert Hall LP 1086, $5.45) is a product of 1924, packed with the contrapuntal formulae that anticipate his more recent academicism. It has its moments, and is well made, but it is stolid and rhythmically square, and the Guilet Quartet's performance is not of the finest order. The "Kammermusik," No. 4, with solo violin, is more typical of the Twenties (Westminster LP 5074, $5.95), but it would require a better performance than that of the Winterthur Symphony (conducted by Henry Swoboda) to display those merits it has. As for "The Four Temperaments" on the reverse side, with Mr. Swoboda conducting the same group, the discriminating listener will easily recognize the superiority of the earlier Decca LP.

Most of the music discussed above owes its vitality to the adventure involved. Adventure may be as exhausting as it is exalting, since it requires active listening. Should you want some relaxation afterwards, you may find it in fairly agreeable form in two Philharmonia releases: "Music for Harp and Strings" by Bax, Ibert, and Malipiero (LP 102, $5.95), and saxophone concertos by Ibert and Glazounow (LP 103, $5.95).

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

THE September releases here are a better-than-average collection with at least one particularly interesting set in each category. England has not yet been touched by the activities of the Haydn Society, for which reason the appearance in recorded form of an early or unfamiliar symphony by the master is still quite an event. I doubt if even the Haydn Society could improve on the performance of "The Philosopher" (Symphony No. 22 in E flat) as presented on two Parlophone discs by Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble. Everything is just as it should be; there is a harpsichord continuo, the pairs of English and French horns (une Symphonie de l'Entente cordiale?) sparkle in contrasting sonorities, and the "philosophical" first movement is found to possess the character of a Bach chorale-prelude. The recording is as excellent as is the performance. Another work decidedly off the beaten track is the Cello Concerto No. 3 in A major by K. P. E. Bach, which comes to us on three Columbia discs performed by André Navarra and Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris, under André Cluytens. This concerto contains, between outer movements of fairly conventional character, a Largo mesto that is a most profound expression of personal unhappiness, the more remarkable if we remember the date of its composition, 1753. Here, indeed, are the very germs of the romantic movement, and it is a great pity that the performance of this fascinating work is of no more than average quality.

Among the more familiar fare we find a typically Furtwänglerish account of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; this is the kind of performance to which Ernest Newman referred when recently he wrote: "Furtwängler conducted, and, as is his way, made it a 'conductor's piece' rather than a composer's work." Furtwängler's readings of Beethoven contain an element of arrogance ("I know best, never mind what the score says") as well as an unpleasant striving after effects in order to "bring down the house." Under the circumstances the Vienna Philharmonic does remarkably well, but the same cannot be said for HMV's engineers. There is an excellent new HMV set of Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Pleyel(?)" [see *SRL* Aug. 25]. Both the performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Igor Markevitch and the fine quality of the recording place this version above other postwar issues. Vieuxtemps' Fourth Concerto rounds off the orchestral picture. This engaging work receives rather less than justice at the hands of Menuhin, who smothers the lyrical passages with too much sentiment and whose technique is insufficiently firm to withstand the scrutiny of Vieuxtemps' virtuoso writing.

HMV's counterblast to Decca's LP and SP recordings of Brahms's Piano Sonata, OP. 5, has just appeared, the protagonist being no less distinguished a person than Edwin Fischer. Further to sweeten the pill they have succeeded, thanks to Fischer's faster tempi and the omission of some repeats, to cut it down to six sides against Katchen's nine. To judge by Fischer's performance, HMV's fee must have been cut too. I have rarely heard such careless playing, so loaded with wrong notes, since Mark Hambourg in his heyday. Yet in the slow movements Fischer shows some poetic insight that is beyond Katchen, and one wishes that he had been given more time for the task. No such reservations come to mind when dealing with the Maharajah of Mysore's latest contribution, Balakirev's Piano Sonata in B flat minor. This is an imaginative and interesting composition, less exotically flavored than some of the composer's other works, not disguising its debt to Bach here and to Chopin there. It is very well played by Louis Kentner and superbly recorded by Columbia.

Among the vocal records we find yet a further contribution made possible by the wealth from princely coffers. This time, I fear, we are back on the subject of His Highness's first love, Nicholas Medtner. Having endured three piano concerti and other works from the same pen in the past, I did not find this group of fourteen songs (to words mainly of Pushkin and Goethe) much of a test, and the charm and artistry of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing proved to be a considerable help.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 57*)

and Galatea" and "Israel in Egypt." I greeted news of their appearance with so extreme an assurance of pleasure that I have been forced to modify it a little after hearing the recordings. Nonetheless, here they are, not "Messiah" once more, but two relatively unfamiliar works of the tender and imperial genius who was the greatest composer ever to set extended English texts. Although Handel's understanding of English prosody was not perfect, real acquaintance with his music should dispose forever of the canard that our language is unsingable. It can be set so that it can be sung beautifully. Handel proved that, and not he alone.

"Acis and Galatea" can be called a "major" work only at the needless risk of misinterpreting it altogether. It is a delicious Arcadian pastoral, serenata, pastoral opera, or mask (all four classifications were put to it during Handel's lifetime) on a text mostly by John Gay, but with infusions of Pope, Dryden, and—through Dryden—Ovid. Handel's often onomatopoeic score preserves the dreamlike delicacy, the stylized artifice, of the eighteenth century's shepherd-and-nymph vision of Ovid and the classic past. Nowhere is it "hosannatic Handel" or Handel of the big bow-wow manner. Neither love nor sorrow, not even death, takes itself in lifelike earnest here. All are excuses for melody and rhythm and flashes of sunshine and mist.

The performance by the chorus of the Handel Society of England is knowing and deft, Walter Goehr's conducting apposite but unexciting. But the soloists (except for Trevor Anthony as the Polypheme who so surprisingly trips out "O ruddier than the cherry!") are often less than adequate. What this recording might have been with Isobel Baillie as Galatea, Webster Booth as Acis, Peter Pears as Damon, and Sir Thomas Beecham as Handelian extraordinary can be imagined only when Mr. Anthony is singing and carrying Mr. Goehr along with him. Even so, I wonder who could listen to the masterly trio beginning "The flocks shall leave the mountains," the three solo voices against an accompaniment of extraordinary loveliness, without wondering at our neglect of Handel.

Deliberately, pugnaciously, successfully "major" is "Israel in Egypt," that stupendous succession of five airs, three duets, and eighteen choruses. How assuredly Handel took the ringing Old Testament phrases and flung them back with wholly appropriate music! But when the land brings forth frogs he intends us to hear them jump; when "all manner of flies and lice" appear, we are meant to hear them buzz and crawl; and when that repeated line "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea" comes back in rhythm of thunder we should be nearly or altogether frightened. I admire the Handel Society for using a chorus of only fifty singers and an orchestra of twenty-six men, but I cannot admire Walter Goehr for letting the chorus sound tame and uncertain, the orchestra sound ragged, and the soloists sound no better than they should be.

"Israel in Egypt" is Handel imperial, Handel of the big bow-wow. All of it lies in the grooves of these two records, technically speaking. But the blows do not smite, the choruses do not thunder (a matter of rhythmic accuracy, not of volume), and therefore the best of it has escaped. As Percy M. Young wrote in his valuable book, "The Oratorios of Handel": "... choral singers, or rather their conductors, must see to it that they achieve—by precision, variety of tone, dramatic sense, and by mentally viewing the picture passing through the music—the touch of *verismo* which makes Handel a harbinger of romanticism." I should say that precision and dramatic sense are those of Mr. Young's prerequisites for lack of which this recording can be welcomed only as adequate. We shall still have to wait for Beecham or his equivalent and England's foremost Handel singers.

Taking Handel's Concerto Grosso in B flat major (Opus 6, No. 7) Arnold Schoenberg, in 1933, "freely transformed" it, changing keys and key relationships, lengthening movements by inserting musical matter of his own, and in effect writing a destructive commentary on the original. I surmise that he not only disliked the B flat Concerto, but also failed to understand it. For the resulting music is awash with decayed Viennese romanticism at war with the scraps of distorted Handel that remain. Mozart's versions of two fugues from "The Well-Tempered Clavier," each prefaced by an adagio of his own devising, are interesting. In a more accurate and enlivened performance (particularly by a string trio, for which he arranged them) they might sound better than that. But nothing, I feel certain, could diminish the unnecessary ugliness of Schoenberg's foolish "transformation" of Handel.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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A number of inexpensive home amplifiers on the market economize in part via a minimum of these accessories. But for a few dollars more there is a group of amplifiers that can be said to be basically complete in respect to essential controls. Of these, selling in the $55 range at jobbers (net), I've had two on home trial recently: the Bell 10-watt High Fidelity Phono-Radio Amplifier, Model 2122, and the Grommes Music Lovers High Fidelity Amplifier, Model 50 PG. (Two corresponding models from Bogen and Masco are due for later treatment.) Both of these at 10 watts—plenty for all but mammoth sounds—have the two essential complements to a basic power amplifier: a built-in preamplifier for magnetic pickups and separate treble and bass controls with both boost and attenuation, the "flat" positions clearly marked at the center point.

Both amplifiers also have separate RCA plug inputs for crystal phono pickup, magnetic pickup, and radio, the three types of music source most widely used with any home amplifier. Both also provide assorted speaker impedances to match standard types of speaker arrangement. Both provide that useful auxiliary, an ordinary 115-volt outlet for attachments, mounted on the back of the chassis and turning on and off with the main switch. Grommes munificently provides two. The two amplifiers use similar variants of the now familiar dual-tube push-pull output with inverse feedback, long considered more or less essential for good sound. (Note that very few console phonographs, even the fanciest, include it.) The same basic tubes are used, two 6V6's driven by a 6SL7 with 5Y3 power tube, the common 6SC7 in the preamplifier end. In other words, it is clear that these two similarly priced machines (Bell is a few dollars more) compete directly in a well-defined amplifier category with many of their basic features similar.

All the more important, then, are the differences in detail of equipment and in audible performance. The two submitted models were direct from jobber's current stock (Harrison Radio), chosen at random. It is possible that one of the units may have been defective or substandard, but in actual performance the Grommes easily outshone the Bell, as hooked up identically into good equipment at both ends, pickup and speaker, and as compared directly with a much more expensive amplifier of similar nature, the Electronic Workshop (now sold under the name Waveforms). The audible difference, I'd say, is accountable for by internal evidence. In the first place, the Bell, providing two magnetic inputs, for low-level (e.g. GE) and high level (Pickering) cartridges, as well as crystal phono and radio, has no switches and hooks all of these into one circuit. The double preamplifier, which allows for two differing pickups to be connected simultaneously (a doubtful value) was noisy, with tube hiss and some hum, and this noise is heard at all times, even when the preamplifiers are not in use. The Grommes, on the other hand, has one preamplifier but provides three switches, effectively isolating the various inputs. The preamplifier was decidedly quieter in my sample, and where the Bell's equalization curve (to match the average record's eccentricities of bass and treble) seems to give considerable bass rumble, the Grommes' is designed to give musical bass but reduce the very low frequencies at which rumbles occur.

WE may assume that the amplifiers proper are similar in their characteristics—but a most vital element is the output transformer, which can badly limit tonal range and add distortion. That on the Grommes is, I understand, of better quality than the enclosed one mounted inside Bell's chassis; in any case, the resulting sound was, with the Grommes, scarcely distinguishable from the much higher priced comparison amplifier whereas Bell's tonal range and clarity seemed definitely to be affected, most likely by the output transformer.

Finally, there are some useful extras for the money on the Grommes. The amplifier includes a well-functioning microphone input (some mike connections are noisy and distorted) and a special output plug after the preamplifier to feed into the phono plug of many radio tuners, thus allowing you to use the radio-phono switch on the tuner itself if you wish. This plug can also be used to feed a tape recorder with records or microphone, or to feed into an outside main amplifier for comparisons. These are excellent aids to greater versatility.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Pop Roundup

THE BIG migration to the campus is on, and the record companies are ready. Many of the new releases are dance discs, and even the novelties seem more clever than usual.

Best news for the house record librarian is the fact that many of the perennial favorites—the Miller, Shaw, Goodman, and Berigan platters that comprise the basic pop library in every campus housing unit—are now available on LP and 45. Needless to say at this late date, the new-type discs take less space, don't break, wear longer, sound better, and cost less in the long run than the old shellacs. RCA Victor's pop LP-45 program is well under way, and this month we have space only for a few highlights in a large release. Head and shoulders above the others—old and new—are sets by GLENN MILLER (LPM-31) and ARTIE SHAW (LPM-30). The former includes "In the Mood," "Song of the Volga Boatmen," and other hit sides by the idol of a decade ago. Shaw's program includes "Frenesi," "Begin the Beguine" (of course), and a surprisingly exciting "Traffic Jam."

This brief return to the Miller band has revealed what I believe to be the basic distinction between the master and his many disciples. The late Glenn not only had the messianic spirit of the innovator, but he was a past master at setting tempi. His arrangements were paced properly to permit nuance or some other evidence of warmth. Conversely, most sides by his leading disciple, Ralph Flanagan, seem mechanical and hurried. However, Flanagan picks good tunes, and frankly solicits the support of dancers. . . . So you may like RALPH FLANAGAN PLAYS RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN, VOL. 2 (RCA LPM-8). It contains "That's for Me," "The Gentleman Is a Dope," etc. . . . Perhaps Flanagan's best disc to date is his dance version of the "Blues Theme" from Gershwin's AMERICAN IN PARIS (RCA 47-4247).

Jazz Discs

Cat Anderson's wild trumpet is featured in Duke Ellington's brisk THE EIGHTH VEIL (COL 4-39496) . . . Buddy de Franco, an inventive clarinetist of the post-Goodman generation, should amuse with his flourishes on MAKE BELIEVE and WHY DO I LOVE YOU? (M-G-M 11043). Both tunes are from "Show Boat," of course, and the sides are good dance music. . . . On the same label the George Shearing Quintet sheds its usual gentle manner to raise a little hell with BRAIN WAVE (M-G-M 11046).

Show Stuff

TWO ON THE AISLE (DEC DL 8040) is the most entertaining show album to come our way since "Guys and Dolls." The songs may not be memorable, but they're lively and mostly witty, though not self-conciously so. Most important, they're great vehicles for a couple of great performers, Bert Lahr and Dolores Gray. The latter can handle any type of song, whether it calls for a Lena Horne insinuation or an Ethel Merman proclamation. Lahr's master clowning comes across wonderfully via Decca's outstanding recording job. Whether or not you get to see the show, here's a set you'll want to own. . . . The same can hardly be said for SEVENTEEN (RCA LOC 1003). The music and performances are innocuous, sometimes fairly pleasant. But unless the show has some sentimental hold, this one can be skipped. —BILL SIMON.

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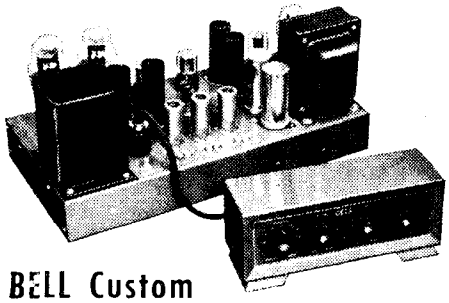

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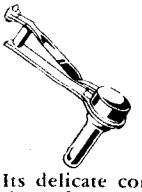

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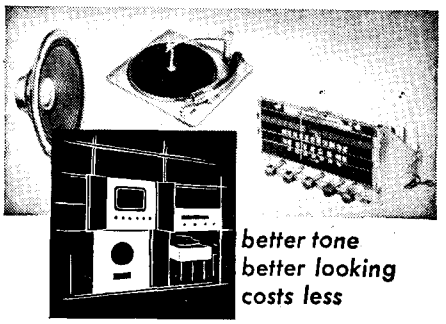

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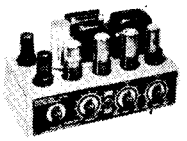

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Schnabel's Beethoven

SIR: Is there any intention on the part of RCA Victor to issue on LP the complete set of Beethoven's piano music as played by Artur Schnabel? How about Beecham's recording of "Messiah" and Toscanini's of "Otello"?

HASSAN BAHRAMI.
Larchmont, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Information on the complete set is obscure, but we do know that Volumes I and II, long unavailable, are under active consideration for release after January 1, 1952. The "Messiah" should be out very soon; but "Otello" exists only from a broadcast, and the informed opinion is that it is not up to the Maestro's standard.*

Earphone Perfection

SIR: I have been told that perfect reproduction, used in fact by the experts who "pass" recordings for manufacture, is attainable by coupling a pair of head-telephones direct to an electrostatic pickup, with no amplification whatever. Is this true? (Maybe with a shunted resistance as volume control if result is otherwise too loud.) If so, it is the answer to a dream: I could afford this, but not a really good amplifier-pickup combination (I don't want a bad one). . . . Probably there would be some bass losses from mismatch, but anyway I suspect that bass notes in headphones are pretty well nonexistent, the ear supplying them from harmonics.

R. RAVEN-HART.
Colombo, Ceylon.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *How "perfect" such reproduction may be, I cannot say, having never experienced it; but it seems improbable, given all the factors involved. To be "perfect," a reproduction would of necessity have to duplicate the sound of the original—which involves much more audible illusion than could be conveyed through earphones. If there are more informed engineering opinions available, we would be glad to have them.*

Strauss or Wolf?

SIR: To your knowledge have there ever been any recordings, even a scrap, of anything from either Strauss's "Frau Ohne Schatten" or Wolf's "Corregidor?"

KARL VON SCHLIEDER.
Denver, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *I have no knowledge of the Strauss score, but we hear from an informed source (the company's press agent) that Urania will have a complete "Corregidor" ere the snow flies.*

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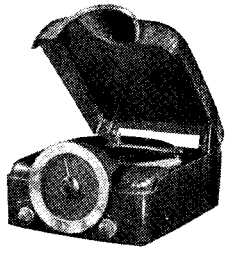

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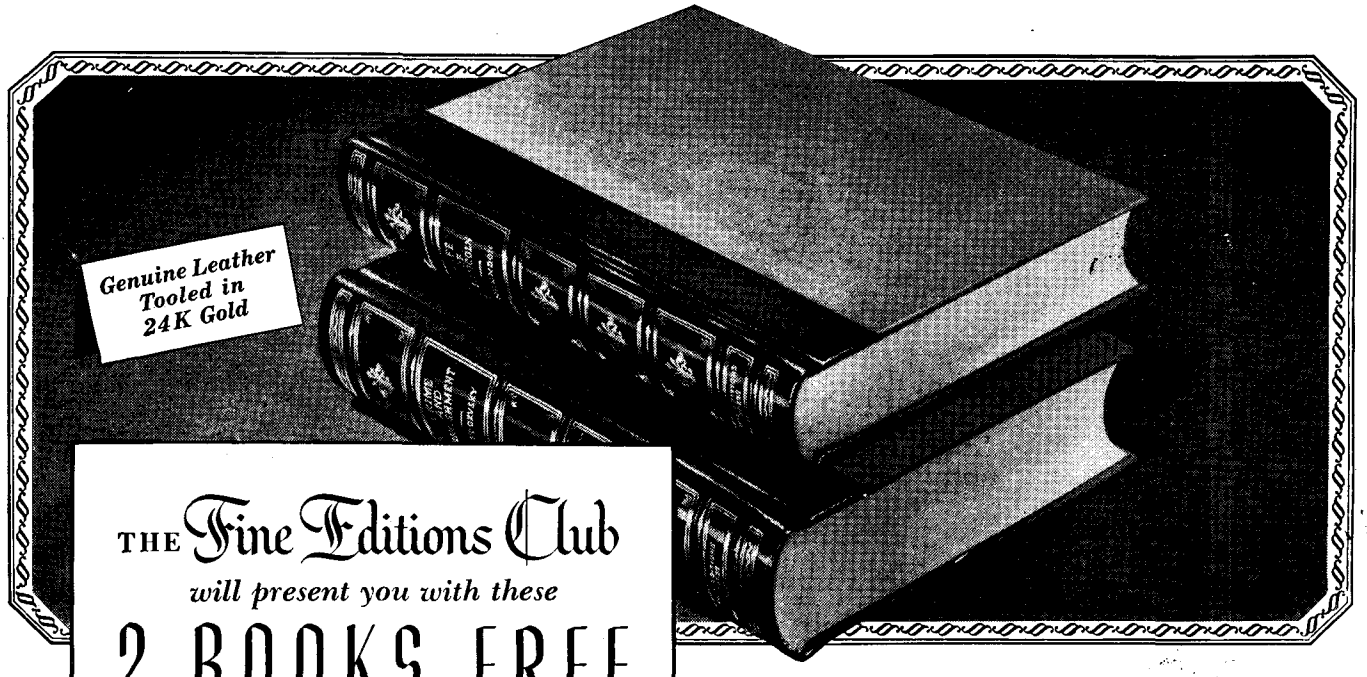

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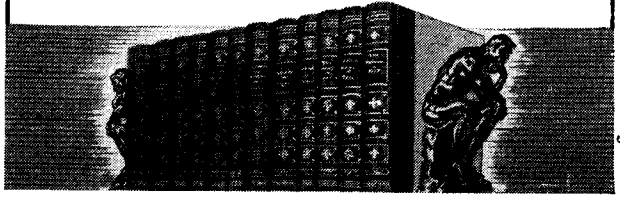

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